Book:15/16:1-12

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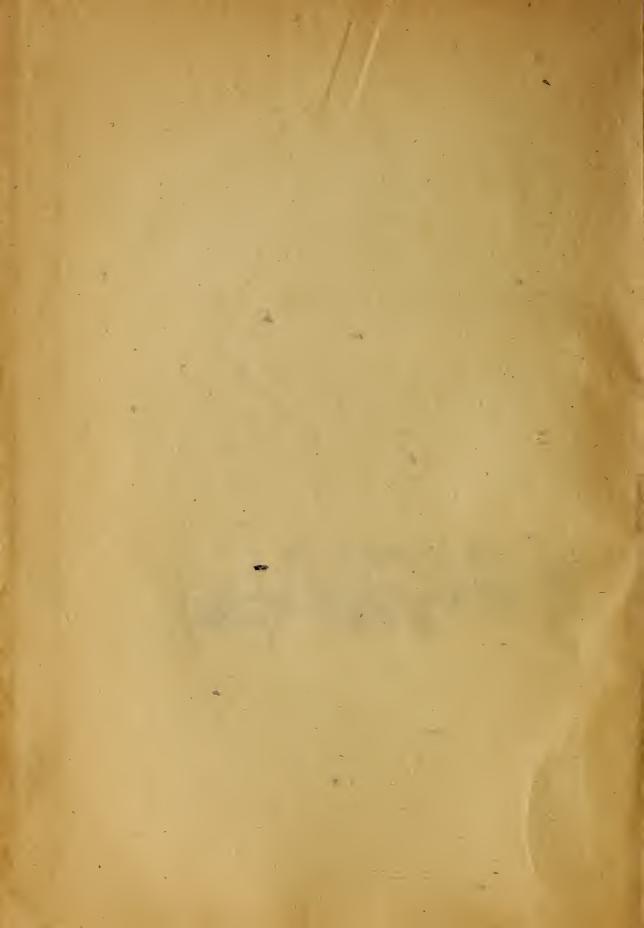
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WITHDRAWA



SRAL HAR MAN

Sever Burges



"Who 'll be the Clerk?" "I!" said THE LARK:

BOOK THE FIRST:

Nos. 1 to 12. May 1895 to April 1896

William Doxey
San Francisco
1 8 9 6

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"Hark, hark, the Lark



At Heaven's Gate sings!"

IN MEMORIAM

Edmond Charlroy
Richard Redforth

James F. Merioneth, 2d

Lewis Holt

THE LARK:

Number 1. May 1895

Trumber 1. May 100	95		
Cover Design		Gelett E	urgess
Prologue		. Bruce	Porter
Invitation (Verse)		. "	• •
A Studio Monologue			"
"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!",			"
Some Phases of Primitive Art		Gelett F	Burgess
The Merry Midnight (Pantoum)		. "	"
The Last Nymph (For Vivette)			"
The Purple Cow (Verse and Cartoon)		. "	"
Hors Concours (Verse)		. "	"
Supplement: Pico Della Mirandola. By an unknown Tuscan Master.			
Number 2. June 18	95		
Cover Design		. Bruce	Porter
Dedication	ert I	Louis Ste	venson
Prophecy and Desiderata	•	"	66
A Tribute		. Bruce	Porter
To Robert Louis Stevenson (Verse)			"
Studies for Tracts. No. 1		. "	"
The Invisible Bridge (Verse and Cartoon)		. Gelett I	Burgess
Dreams Transposed (Ballade)		. "	"
The Ambitious Shepherd (For Vivette)		. "	6.6
Tyrante (Old Song).			
Supplement: Portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson in Bournemouth, 1885.	nson	, taken b	y Mrs.
Number 3. July, 18	95		
Cover Design		. Gelett I	Burgess
Of things Amusing (Villanelle)			"
Nerea (Prose Poem)			"
		•	
My Feet (Verse and Cartoon)			"
My Feet (Verse and Cartoon) The Princess Pittipums (For Vivette)			66
The Princess Pittipums (For Vivette)			"

Number 4. August 1895

Cover Design	Gelett Burgess
Number 5. September 1	895
Cover Design	. Ernest Peixotto
Avis au Lecteur	
A Primeval Romance (For Vivette)	
Ebb-Tide at Noon (Verse)	
Illustrated Proverbs (<i>Drawings</i>)	
The Half-Dime Novel	
The Giant Horse (Verse and Cartoon)	
	•
Number 6. October 18	95
Cover Design	Gelett Burgess
Helen's Face a Book (Verse)	
Studies for Tracts. No. 2	
Le Petit Journal des Refusées	Gelett Burgess
In a Town Garden (Verse)	
Le Retour de l'Impressioniste (Drawing)	
Fingers and Toes (Verse and Cartoon)	Gelett Burgess
Interchangeable Philosophical Paragraphs	
To Sylvia's Lips (Song). Words	
Music	Karl Howard
Number 7. November 1	895
Cover Design	. Ernest Peixotto
Sunrise (Verse)	Bruce Porter
The History of Goupville	Gelett Burgess
Birthday Rhymes for Louise and Grace (Octave) Clinton	on Brooks Burgess
(Triolet)	Gelett Burgess
The Roof (Verse and Cartoon)	
The Muse in the Machine	

Number 8. December 1895

Cover De	sign	. Ernest Pe	eixotto
To my Mo	other (Verse)	. Gelett B	urgess
Letters fr	om an Island Ward	Pedro	L. A.
Christmas	s in Town (Sonnet)	. Gelett B	urgess
Remarkal	ble is Art (Verse and Cartoon)	. "	"
	ctive Family		"
	riendship (Rondel)		"
In the Ele	evator (For Vivette)	. "	"
	atable Ground (Verse)		"
	Number 9. January 180	a6	
	sign	. Ernest Pe	eixotto
	nes" (Silhouettes from Life).		
	ning		Porter
	he Zodiac (Drawings)		
	or the New Year (Verse)		
	tingales' Ninth Dinner		"
	ual Advice Association		
	ture (Verse and Cartoon)		66
	ons of a Burglar's Wife (For Vivette)		"
L'Arkite	cture Moderne (Drawing)	Will	is Polk
	Number 10. February 1	896	
Cover De	esign	. Ernest P	eixotto
To Virgin	nia (Verse)	Dynas	s Powis
	of St. Valentine (For Vivette)		
	nedral Organ		"
Love's S	tratagem (Verse)	K. Porter (Garnett
The Win	dow-Pain (Verse and Cartoon)	. Gelett I	Burgess
	ished Chapter		
	Erato (Verse)		
	is Beauty in Length of Line" (Drawing)		
	Entertain an Evening Party		
	cture Moderne (Drawings)		
	(Advertisement)		

Number 11. March 1896.

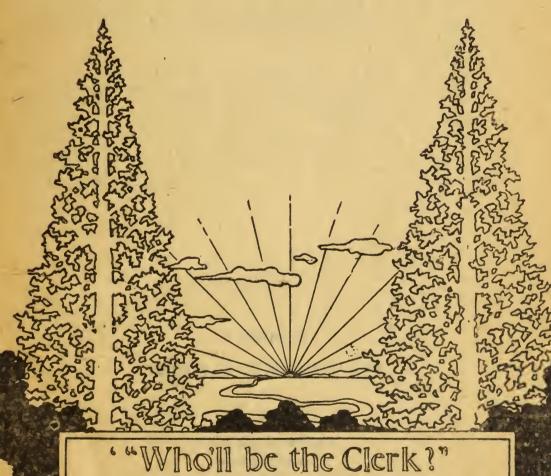
11. 11. 1090
Cover Design
High Wind at Night (Verse)
The Deserted Island Gelett Burgess
Map of Bohemia (Drawing)
Romance not Dead (Chant-Royal)
The Versifier's Vade-Mecum (Verse, Rondeau, and Triolet) K. Porter Garnett
A Dream (For Vivette)
Glue Streets (Verse and Cartoon)
The Piping Faun (Drawing) Bruce Porter
The Diploy Control of the Control of
Number 12. April 1896
Cover Design
Harmony (Sonnet)
A Lexicographer's Romance Gelett Burgess
An Easter Injury (<i>Drawing</i>) Reginald Rix
The Ferry of Life Gelett Burgess
'T was ever a Man and a Maid (Verse)
The Towel and the Door (Verse and Cartoon) " "
The Metamorphosis of Bay Boy Morgan Shepard
Epilogue to Book First Gelett Burgess
Diplogue to Book Plist
The Lark Posters

ror I	may 1895.	Pipii	ig raun			DI	ace I offici
			Cut on Wood	l by Paul .	Bernhardt		
For .	August.	Mothe	r and Child .			Florence	Lundborg
			Cut on Wood	d by Gelei	tt Burgess		
For	Novembe	er. Mo	unt Tamalpai	s . Drawn	and cut by	Florence	Lundborg
For	February	1886	Robin Hood	Drawn	and Cut-by	Florence	Lundborg

Nº 1:



Che Lark



"I!" said the Lark.



No. 2 will contain a Portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson never before published

NUMBER I

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY FIRST

1 8 _9 _ 5

Published by Wm. DOXEY

631 Market Street
Issued Monthly Subscription, 1 dollar a year

ARK! HARK! THE LARK AT HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS!"



NEW note—some of the joy of the morning—set here for the refreshment of our souls in the heat of mid-day.

With no more serious intention than to be gay—to sing a song, to tell a story;—and when this is no

longer to our liking,—when the spring calls, or the road invites,—then this little house of pleasure will close its doors; and if you have cared for our singing, and would have more of it, then you must follow us a-field.

For, after all, there's your place and ours—there you may hear the birds calling, and see trees blowing, and know the great content of the earth. Meantime, shut in the town, we shall blow our nickel pipe, to make you believe it is a reed, and that you dance, garlanded, to its piping.

INVITATION.



H! the wide clean earth, and the shouting sea,
And the wind of heaven running free,
And the stars in their blue serenity!

Then give me the girl who will walk the night,

And sing in the dawn from the top of the hill!

God be the priest, and the sun in the east

The witness for good or ill!

the first of the contract of t

STUDIO MONOLOGUE.



UT why try to set the limitation of art? Why try to say what the poet may not sing — what the painter may not paint? There is no part of this great confusion that we have made Life—that is not available—paintable—that has not in it an

interest that if it be not ennobling, but may be enlightening. See—as you stir the fire—it lights the Botticelli—a fair copy—"The Young Man Introduced to the Muses"—so we name it. An allegory, perhaps, of the individual life of high thought and desire—of a soul exquisitely passionate, exquisitely adjusted. The force it has, lies in its life likeness—the appreciation of the Spiritual realities.

But take down that roll from the mantel—Rembrandt's "Anatomist," the smaller canvas at Amsterdam.

The grave scientist standing by the dead body of a man,—lying feet to us,—the dark cavern of the opened body yawning at us. Here is all the horror of mortality—the grotesque end of a man's life on earth.

The tragedy was heavy upon the painter; he saw of that more than he has rendered. But he knew, too, how much more real a thing was the living soul of the man of science, whom he painted these against it; the quiet, keen mind, in the temperate body—its house.

And you remember the "Ballet-Girls" of Degas?

Now here is the artist—with the endowment of the higher imagination—the curious observer of life in its more sordid aspects. He saw these women, truly—

A STUDIO MONOLOGUE.

the devotees of an art, that, developing their bodies to an abnormal facility,—grinds out the life.

We had seen the ballet-girl painted frequently enough — painted as the young man of twenty sees her, across the mist of the footlights. But Degas saw the tired, underfed woman in the very travail of art — with the reek of the sweat ot its labor about her. He gave us life to ponder, rather than art to find amusing. He looked at it all seriously — then rendered his impression in this shorthand — and flung it to us — with "This interested me—so I set it down."

Now, there perhaps, lies the solution — in the attitude of the artist.

"There are three games," you remember Lafcadio Hearn says, "at which mortals may not play—Life, and Love, and Death." I would add one other—this business of Art. We may be gay at all four—(for gayety is becoming in a man)—but the gods will not have us triflers. And—living seriously, generously, and following an art with sincerity—must bring us, at last, to Realism—to seeing quite clearly the whole round of the circle; Passion and Sin, Pain and Death, Love and Self-forgetfulness, Independence and Joy—the eternal realities. * * *

"HAIL TO THEE, BLITHE SPIRIT!"



ET'S open the window! There's the new day out there—new light on our faces, and new hope in our hearts. The room breathes again.

What fools we have been to think we could have worked it out in a studio—this sense of life, in art!

Hear that milkman's whistle—he will kiss the girl washing down the back steps; and God gives us hope in the next generation! He came in over a fresh country this morning, with the din of the cans; and the meadow larks parted from the fences on either side of the road as he passed, and brushed the dew off the grass in long sweeps, as they went whistling down the slopes. O, undoubtedly he didn't think much about them! They were Peter Bell's yellow primroses to him, "and they were nothing more." We are, after all, not at the end of things, so long as the masses look at the yellow primrose without thinking of Mr. Wordsworth. We can maintain a hope.

Art must come out of the earth, and the earth be plowed and sowed and reaped by a sturdy race, before there comes the harvest of conscious beauty.

And why should we hurry to the end of the feast—the tidbit, the dolce? Ah! my milkman has not!

Here he comes at last, with a leap like a bird's to duty. Over-measure to every empty can this morning, I'll warrant, with a drop on the curb for the cat! God! I'd rather pull the teats of a cow than squeeze tubes of cobalt and carmine! Let us get out into the air—run wild over the Presidio, and then a dash in the bay! Life is a bigger thing than art!

SOME PHASES OF PRIMITIVE ART.



F the ideal of art is the perfect expression of a thought, is not here a perfect art?—for, crude as are the drawings, they are undoubtedly abreast the child-thought.

The artists themselves will tell you, with delighted eyes, they are beau-

tiful, and cannot be improved — the hand has been obedient to the eager brain. These sketches are the untrammeled expression of a stage at which the mind and fingers are equally developed. After a few more essays, this nice adjustment is overthrown, and the mind, making for higher ideals, becomes conscious of the medium and its restraints.

For, at the age of six, the reason is not yet well correlated to experience, and outward nature, animate and inanimate, is decidedly out of drawing—the mountain and the horse do not scale with the observer, and the appalling graphic contrast is not ludicrous.

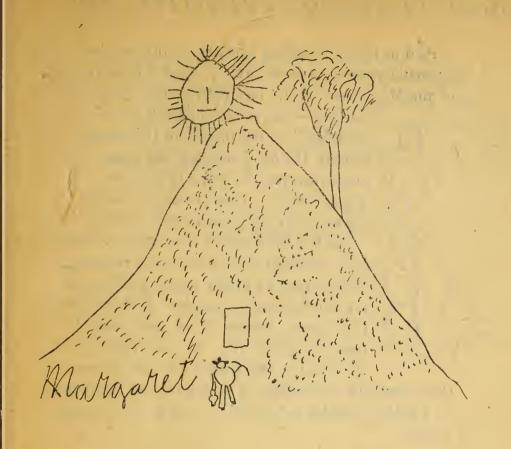
Never did the benignant Sun Goddess bathe the slopes of the sacred Fuji-yama with serener grandeur

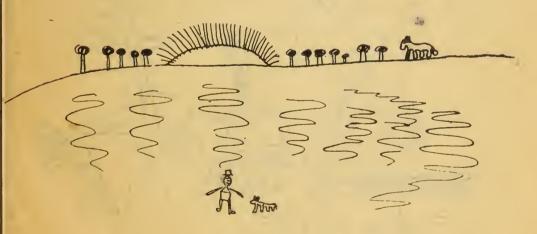
than in this picture of the mine,—an idealization of optimistic labor — and when in the evening the farmer and his rectangular dog wander back from their labors, leaving the giant cow alone upon the horizon, the day is over — finally, irrevocably.



· PICO · DELLA · MIRANDOLA · · BY · AN · UNKNOWN · TUSCAN · MASTER ·







SOME PHASES OF PRIMITIVE ART.

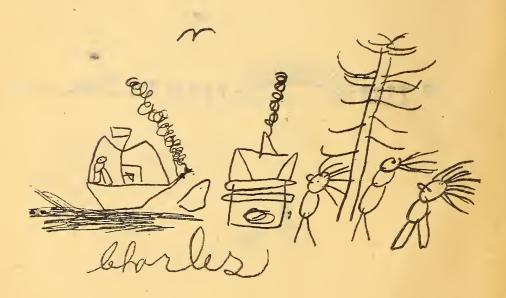
And in the story-telling phrases of this art the dramatic element is most forcible. Behold the arrival of the Mayflower and its reception by the disdainful

savages — the rock, and the "giant branches" of the pine; not the anachronism of the log-house and the steamfunnel can rob the scene of its vigor. The "V-bird," omnipresent in marine scenes, is the only conventional touch.

So the child strikes hard at the central idea, unhindered by tradition of rendering. Would that we in our larger world could do as much and as simply! If the miner is to carry a lantern, what more natural than to add an arm. As one might say: "I wonder shall I need one arm or two

this morning? or, perhaps, I shall have use for none

— I shall but make a call or two, and there is no sign
of rain.'



THE MERRY MIDNIGHT.



HEN I go to bed at night,

Easy rests my tired head.

Everything seems good and right—

Daytime worries all are fled.

Easy rests my tired head
In the dark and silent room;
Daytime worries all are fled,
Joy is hidden in the gloom.

In the dark and silent room

Debonair romances wake;

Joy is hidden in the gloom,

Foolish fancies revel make.

Debonair romances wake,

Bashful thoughts come out to play,—
Foolish fancies revel make,

Daring hopes make holiday.

Bashful thoughts come out to play
When I go to bed at night;
Daring hopes make holiday,—
Everything seems good and right!

THE LAST NYMPH: -



HERE came a time when the world began to grow older, and able to go around alone, and the gods gradually withdrew to Olympus, there to dwell henceforth in gray seclusion. Jupiter had disappeared from the ken of man; Juno and Mars had gone,—

Venus and all the greater gods, till, save Pan, there were left but the minor deities, gay and thoughtless guardians of the fields and groves.

- ¶ So the great god Pan taught a school for satyrs on the right bank of the Euphrates.
- ¶ Now, in the spring of the year there came to him a round score of nymphs to join the satyr-school. And when Pan asked them what they would learn, and he heard their answer, he shook his head.
- ¶ "Nay," said Pan, "I know not what is love."
- Then uprose all the satyrs, and would teach the nymphs what love was!
- ¶ But the great god Pan withheld them, saying, "This is not for ye, who can never love as mortals do; only men know this, being taught by Cupid himself, who is now gone. For the love of men is a passing strong love, and enduring, while ours is soon forgot,—go ye to some mortal, and learn of him!"
- ¶ So the nymphs departed, and went their way till they came to a maiden sadly tending her ewes and lambs on a hillside.
- ¶ And the satyrs followed them.
- ¶ "Oh, maiden," said the nymphs, "pray thee teach us to love, for we know not the passing strong love that mortals know!"
- ¶ "Ah!" said the maiden, "love is a mortal ail-

AS TOLD VIVETTE.

ment, and when once you have it, you must sometime die;—therefore ye cannot love, being immortal."

- ¶ And she smiled through her tears.
- ¶ So then the nymphs and satyrs, for that they might love as mortals love, then and there renounced their immortality, and welcomely embraced this doleful joy of men, and became as men and women, the satyrs loving the nymphs, and the nymphs loving the satyrs, with a passing strong love, so deep and beautiful that, one by one, they succumbed to its fatal power.
- ¶ And having bartered their divine birthright to become the prey of love, thus ended the race of nymphs and satyrs, for whom long waited the gods on high Olympus when they came not.
- ¶ Save one; for one there was among the nymphs who loved her freedom more than such a boon, and radiantly young and fair she lived, while these grew old and died.
- ¶ And as she met these suffering maidens, she would say: "Why sigh ye, sisters, seeing ye have this precious meed of love?"
- ¶ But the others knew not why they sighed, but this they knew: they would not be rescued from their torment, even at the price of their lost immortality, such was the very pleasant pain of love.
- ¶ And so the lovely nymph lived on, seeking not Olympus and the gods, but sporting in the world of men, and mingling in their life. As time went on they ceased to know her as divine, because she talked and dressed like mortal maidens at her side.
- ¶ But many men have loved her longingly since then, and found, too late, that she was not as they, and could not love.

NEVER SAW A PURPLE COW I NEVER HOPE TO SEE ONE

ANYHOW ID RATHER SEE THAN BE ONE BUT I CAN TELL YOU

HORS CONCOURS.



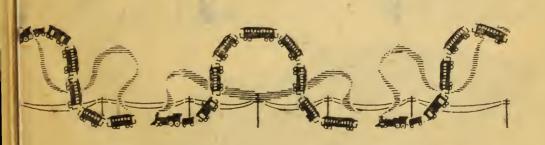
HIS is the place I'd like to burglarize!

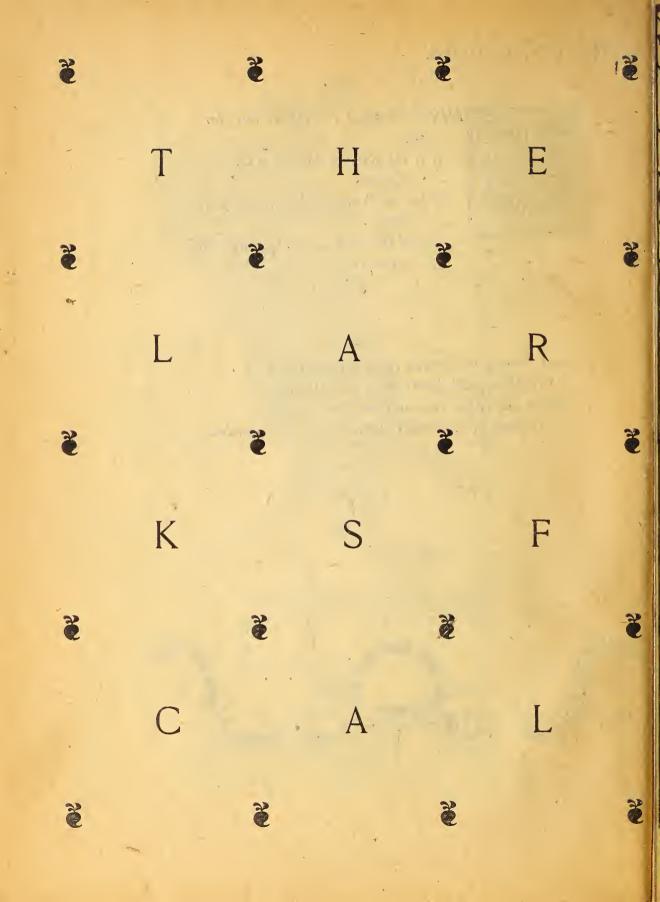
It is the ROYAL MUSEUM OF KISSES;

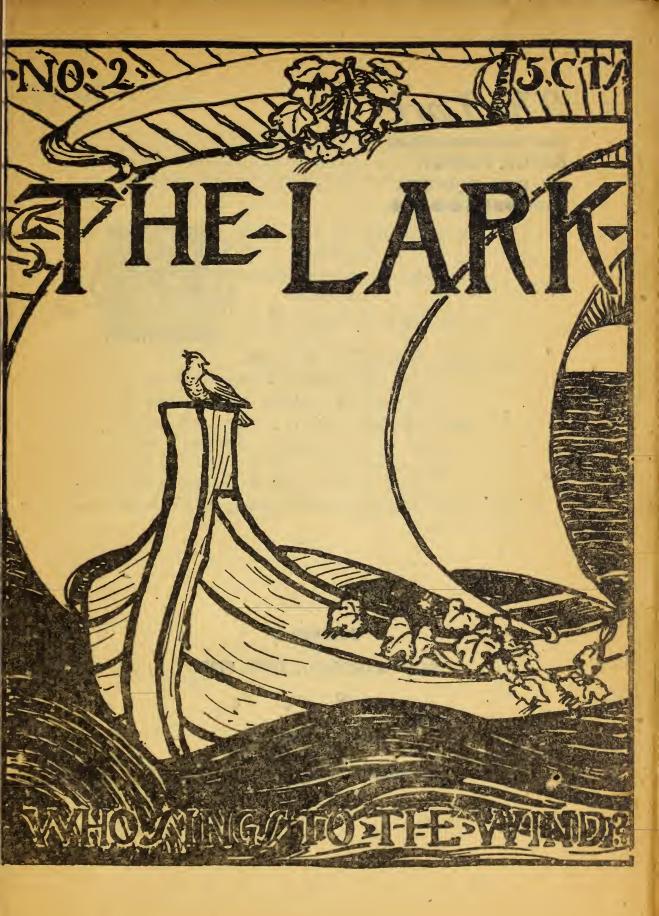
It has an Annual Show, and gives a prize

To all the most deserving men and misses;—

And ranged in various rows around the wall
Are kisses, all deserving great attention;
But in one room, the most immense of all,
Are those of one whose name I dare not mention!







The Lark ••••••••••• BRUCE PORTER GELETT BURGESS ••••••••••

NUMBER 2

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE FIRST

1 8 9 5

Published by Wm. Doxey
631 Market Street
Issued Monthly Subscription, 1 dollar a year

DEDICATION.

[On the fly-leaf of the copy of "The Silverado Squatters" sent to "Virgil Williams and Dora Norton Williams," to whom it was dedicated, is the following poem in the handwriting of the author; written at Hyères, where, as he says in his diary, he spent the happiest days of his life.]

ERE, from the forelands of the tideless sea,

Behold and take my offering unadorned.

In the Pacific air it sprang; it grew

Among the silence of the Alpine air;
In Scottish keather blossomed; and at last
By that unshapen sapphire, in whose face
Spain, Italy, France, Algiers, and Tunis view
Their introverted mountains, came to fruit.
Back now, my Booklet! on the diving ship,
And posting on the rails, to home return,—
Home, and the friends whose honoring name you bear.

—R. L. S.

"O DU LIEBER GOTT, FRIENDS!"



TEVENSON'S cry of desire at twenty-two, the last words before the Amen, of this page—written with the sad finality of youth, and coming to us now, like a bit of the drift, quaintly carved.

* * * * *

I think now, this 5th or 6th of April, 1873, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year; a very quiet, desultorily studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy; work and science calm the mind and stop gnawing in the brain; and as I am glad to say that I do now recognize that I shall never be a great man, I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey; not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall.

O dass mein leben
Nach diesem ziel ein ewig wandeln sei!

DESIDERATA:

I. Good Health.

II. 2 to 3 hundred a year.

III. O du lieber Gott, friends!

TMEN.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



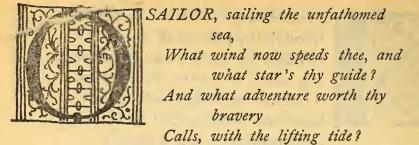
O man ever gained truer friends
through the practice of an art; and
to these, the art in all its perfectness,
was but as a country, rich, varied,
— where they might walk and
know him — the story running an
accompaniment, like a singing

brook by the path, or pounding like a tempestuous sea on the shoulders of the cliff, where they lay, sheltered and by the fire.

He made a broad appeal; seven men in one and of a radiant heart, his sympathy, his breadth of judgment, and his love of men, gave him that noble comprehension of life, that makes the Christmas sermon a new gospel.

Brave friend! young men and unspoiled women are thy lovers and the earth is sweet with thy memory.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



For thee, the new coasts, gleaming, still;
For us, the hope, the plunge, the engulfing night!

Q land! and set thy beacon on the hill!

Our pilot into light!

STUDIES FOR TRACTS.-No. 1.



UT life, for most of us, is a narrow house of our own building; we have come in out of the garden, shutting the door upon Wonder, to keep house with Care — grim companion, with a hand over the keyhole, and

who lights the candle while the day is yet outside.

Through the walls we hear the free wind streaming from the corners, and the high twitter of birds comes down to the chilled hearth where Care bakes the cake. The days pass in a gaunt procession, and our pulse beats sullenly with the shrill ticking of the clock, recording empty time.

"Frugal fare and a weary heart, and Care to curry favor with!"

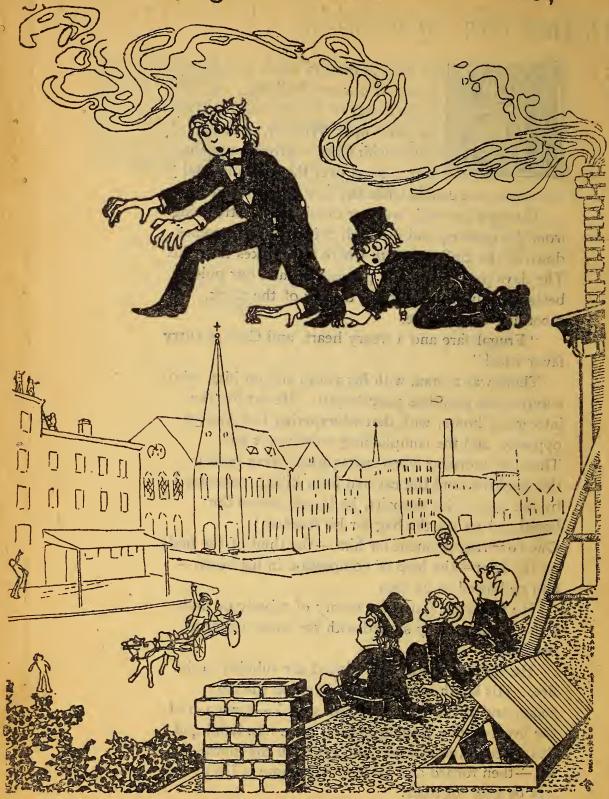
There was a man, with his youth still on him, who entered this profitless partnership. He sat out the intolerable hours, with that whimpering face forever opposite, and the complaining voice never still. Thus one morning when spring gusts were baffing the windows, and the cat had been killed, unmanned by the sum of his despairs, he leaned across the board and struck the hag for his freedom!

One cowering moment for him — the thud of the body on the floor—the leap of compassion in his heart,—and he bowed to lift her.

He found the garments empty of a body of flesh, a thing humorously stuffed with the waste paper of his debts.

He laughed loudly and kicked the rubbish to the fire. His laugh was echoed—lively in the bare room, and at the door, gay and strong—a woman of the heart—who, leaping to him, gave him hand and lips, opened the window, and called in the morning air,—then turned and said: "My name is Duty; we will be glad together."

I'd never dare to walk across A Bridge I could not see,



For much afraid of falling off, lear that I should be



- · ROBERT · LOUIS · STEVENSON ·
- FROM · A · PHOTOGRAPH · TAKEN · BY · MRS ·
- · STEVENSON · AT · BOURNEMOUTH · IN · 1885 ·



BALLADE OF DREAMS TRANSPOSED.



OME may like to be shut in a cage, Cooped in a corner, a-tippling tea,

Some may in troublesome toil engage;
But the luck of a rover's the
thing for me!

Over the mountain and over the sea,

Now in the country and now in the town,

And when I'm wrinkled and withered, maybe

Then I'll marry and settle down.

Some may pore over printed page
And never know bird, nor beast, nor tree,
Watching the world from book or stage;
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
So ho! for the forest, and ho! for the lea,
And ho! for the river and prairie brown,
And ho! for a gay long jubilee,—
Then I'll marry and settle down.

Why should I wait till gray old age
Brings me chance to be rich and free?
I have no money—it makes me rage;
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
Though oft, with my lover upon my knee
(She has frolicsome eyes and a fetching gown!)
I fear if my heart's to be held infee,—
Then I'll marry and settle down.

Envoy:

Prince, my sweetheart will not agree,—
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
She says I must stay, and I fear her frown,—
Then I'll marry and settle down.

THE AMBITIOUS SHEPHERD

HERE was a Princess once, with long brown hair like Annie's, and eyes like Annie's,—though she was very different from Annie, as you shall see. So she went a-galloping over the West Hills, with her maid and the old jester, every morning before

embroidery-lesson time, and she was fair to stare at, and a good rider; and that's what the Shepherd thought as he whittled his stick, and looked out of his eyes sidewise.

"She's just the age for me," said the Shepherd, "and I'll have her!"—which was a good strong vaunt, for she had more lovers already than she could find errands for. But his old mother had told him what women-folk were like, and he had a little idea the size of an egg that he cuddled all day, and this came out of it:

The next day he went down by the road, when he saw the dust coming, and as the Princess pounded by he was sitting on the stone with his back to the road, doing nothing, mind you. The next day it was the same story, except he gave her half his left ear to look at, and they went past on a little jig-trot. The third day the Princess walked her pony; and there he sat, moping at the hillside, with a Princess every bit as pretty as Annie behind him. She saw a profile, though, this time.

"What is that object?" she said. That day she dropped two stitches in her tapestry, right where a king's eye should have been. The next day all three pulled up at the stile, and the jester screamed out "Halloo, there!"—just like that. But the Shepherd had pulled a little tabor out of his pocket, and was

THE AMBITIOUS SHEPHERD—(cont'd).

playing through the holes of it, and besides, his legs were walking off, right up hill with him. "He's in love," said the maid-of-honor. The princess whipped up so hard she had to use a different horse next day; but then, when she rode up, she saw two people—

two!!

There was the Shepherd, facing the road this time, piping away merrily to this chit in a yellow frock and pink bows! The poor Princess! That day she ate but one plate of soup for dinner, but she studied her irregular verbs, O, so hard! My!

But she rode out over the West Hills the next day, did the Princess, and a giggling maid after her, and a grinning jester behind her, all stringing up hill after breakfast. The Yellow-Gown was sitting on the fence, as bold as brass, and her hair flying.

"Who are you?" said the Princess. "I'm going to marry the Shepherd, and that's who I am," says the chit; "and don't you go for to be a-makin' eyes at him neither, you bad lady—I seen him lookin' at you."

The Princess rode slowly on. "What a horrid face she has, really," said the maid-of-honor, "and that Shepherd was very interesting!"

What was the Shepherd doing? Getting off the fence, and taking off his yellow frock, to be sure, and dressing up his two meal sacks in them, all ready for Monday morning, when he sat opposite them, and chattered and laughed at nothing at all, unless it was the Princess when she cantered by, and slyly waved her lace handkerchief at him as she passed. After that he jumped into the gown again, and sat on the fence, chewing gum and swinging his legs. Sure enough, she came back the same way this time, and—"When are you to be married?" she said.

THE AMBITIOUS SHEPHERD—(cont'd).

"O, in about a week, now," said the disguised Shepherd, for he wanted to finish and be done with it. The Princess grew white, then red.

"I tell you what you do," she said, "you come and be a cook in the palace."

"Can the Shepherd come?"

"N-no," said the Princess, for the wished to see him alone on the hills,—"at least, he can occasionally, on fish days."

So the jester pulled her up behind him on his saddle, where she held on tight all the way back, the jester chucking her under the chin every time he looked around to see if she was safe, and the Shepherd whacking him well when the old man got too familiar.

But there was no Shepherd the next day on the West Hills, nor the next, nor the next. Now, the Princess got awfully worried, for the old King had become tired of her gallivanting around, and swore he'd marry her off next Friday. "Let'em fight it out," he said "and the best man wins her."

Then the Princess runs her down into the kitchen, where the new cook was frying honey jumbles. \" When are you to be married," says the Princess.

"On Friday, same as yourself," says the cook.

"I don't know about that," says the Princess;
"if nobody I like wins the tournament, I'll fix it."
"How'll you do it," inquires the cook.

"Never you mind that," snapped out the Princess; "I'd like to know where that Shepherd of yours is, that 's all."

"O, you'll see him at my wedding all right," says the cook; but her batch of jumbles was that shockingly burned, the hens wouldn't so much as peck at them.

THE AMBITIOUS SHEPHERD-(cont'd).

Every one went to the tourney.

The Princess was in the front row.

Seven men went down in the first charge; then five; then four.

"It must be the green one who is the Shepherd," said the Princess; "he fights so badly." "No!" whispered the maid-of-honor; "it is the yellow one." But the Princess did not believe her; so, when the yellow one killed the green man, she screamed: "It's no fair;—I won't marry him!" and ran to the King, bawling.

"You must!" said the King.

"Very well, then," said she. "If he'll give each of my bridesmaids a wedding gift that each shall say is lovely, I'll marry him;—but all the presents must be precisely alike." And she danced away with her nose turned up.

The Yellow Knight rode sadly away. When he got home, he took off his helmet and scratched his head. "I have it!" he said at last.

The next day was Friday, and the King, the Princess, and all the eighteen bridesmaids waited in the castle hall from 12 to 2 P. M.

At last in rushed the yellowy man with eighteen parcels done up in gold string.

And when the bridesmaids opened and looked at them, each exclaimed, "How perfectly lovely!"

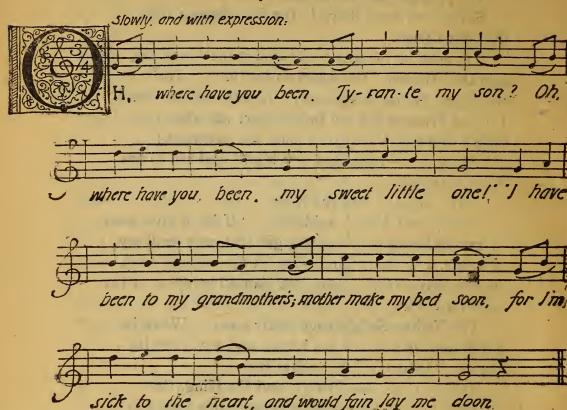
And when the Princess saw that it was the Shepherd, she folded him in her arms, lengthwise, and married him up as fast as she could, and dismissed the cunning maid-of-honor who had recognized him in the arena.

And the presents?

Why, they were mirrors, -- of course!

TYRANTÉ.

[As sung to a child in New England one hundred and fifty years ago—being a variation of the older ballads of "The Coodlin' Doo" and "Lord Randal."]



What had ye for supper, Tyranté, my son? What had ye for supper, My sweet little one?

Striped eels, fried in batter,—
Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart,
And would fain lay me doon.

TYRANTÉ—(continued).

- O where are your bloodhounds, Tyranté, my son? O where are your bloodhounds, My sweet little one?
 - O they swelled up and burst!—
 Mother, make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick to the heart,
 And would fain lay me doon.
- O I fear you are poisoned,

 Tyranté, my son!
- O I fear you are poisoned, My sweet little one!

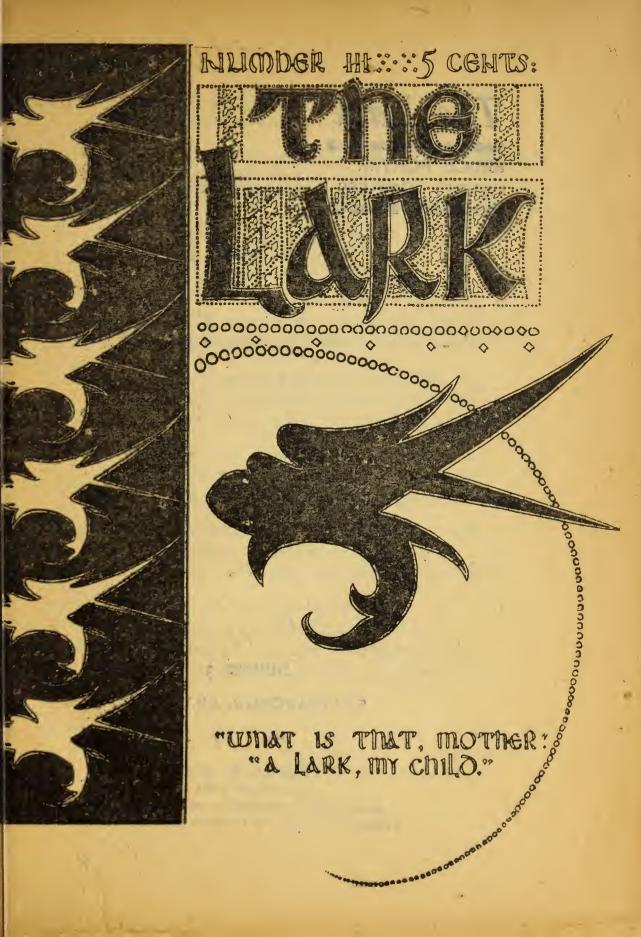
O yes, I am poisoned!—
Mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart,
And would fain lay me doon.

Where shall I make your bed,
Tyranté, my son?
Where shall I make your bed,
My sweet little one?

O down in the churchyard,
Mother, make my bed-soon!
For I'm sick to the heart,
And would die and lie doon.

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NUMBER 3

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY FIRST

1 8 9 5

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Issued Monthly Subscription, sixty cents a year

Entered at the postoffice in San Francisco as second-class matter.

Vissanesse of Things Amusing.



HESE are the things that make

me laugh—

Life's a preposterous farce, say 1!

And I've missed of too many

jokes, by half.

The high-heeled antics of colt and calf,

The men who think they can act, and try— These are the things that make me laugh.

The hard-boiled poses in photograph,

The groom still wearing his wedding tie—
And I've missed of too many jokes, by half!

These are the bubbles I gayly quaff
With the rank conceit of the new-born fly—
These are the things that make me laugh!

For, Heaven help me! I needs must chaff, And people will tickle me till I die— And I've missed of too many jokes, by half!

So write me down in my epitaph
As one too fond of his health to cry—
These are the things that make me laugh,
And I've missed of too many jokes, by half!

Merea: a (poem of the Shore.



COULD not sleep; the moon was new, and from the sea there came a call of witchery — vague, but irresistible. Up and away I went; my feet did with me what they would; I hurried on and on toward the shore. And there, amid the shadowy

rocks, I found her, with her long hair on her shoulders, and her white arms bare. Before we met she spoke me with a voice full of strange tones and mystic cadences, yet as to one she had been longing, hoping for. So to her swift I ran, on that wild beach, 'neath that wild sky; and there I stayed on that first night, as in a dream.

Far fairer was her face than earth produces anywhere, more exquisite her form than the loveliest dream of Grecian sculptor. There was a magic of the sea itself - a mystery and beauty of the moonlit tide, purring at feet of longing cliffs, or dancing merrily upon the bar. Few are the phrases needed for a night like that; but these she knew in mine own tongue, and smilingly repeated in an old-time way, as if they had been learned and half forgotten years and years ago. But long before I tired of her sweet caresses, she rose and listened for a far-off voice I could not hear, and closely, watched the foam upon the shore. Vainly I strove to hold her to my side, but sadly crying that the sea called her and she must go, that the tide had turned and it was death to stay, she gave one parting kiss, and plunged into the heaving surf that howled at me in mocking laughter.

* *

I know not well how many nights since then I met her on the twilight shore, or on the ledge, or drifting on the sea. Many a night the rising tide has washed my tell-tale footsteps from the strand, when late I wandered neath the stars to greet my joyous love. I know not what we said, nor how I learned the secret language of the far, faint sea.

She was a Nymph immortal, and of loveliness divine, beyond the power of words to say; I was a mertal, poor and weak, save in my power of loving her. But me she loved, or seemed to love, yet with a faint reserve at times that cast me down, till, breaking through the spell, she nursed my aching hopes to life again with hurried words of fondest warmth and loving gestures that repaid me all I lost.

Sometimes I reached the starlit shore ere yet the ebb was spent, and cast myself upon the silver sand to wait the flood. Then, as I slept, would Nerea rise from out the foam and steal across the shining floor and wake me with a kiss. Then, 'mid the links and dunes beside the sea, we'd frolic in the witchery of the great white moon, and hide within the cup-shaped holes of shifting sand, fringed by the wiry beachgrass waving in the midnight breeze; to which remote and secret rooms the roar of surf came chastened from the shore, while we reclined upon the sleeping banks of soft warm sand, and watched the slow procession of the stars around the pole and meteors dripping from the August sky.

Sometimes at midnight I would loose my boat and sail far out into the dark, breasting the creeping tide that rippled up the channel's track and softly swept past point and reef,—beyond the white-capped harbor bar, far out to where the restless waves were heaving to the ocean swing. And there, with anchor down and flapping sail, I'd lie and listen to the lapping, slapping of the ripple on the prow, while chop and tide-rip tossed me forth and back again to the strange rime and eerie music of the sea.

And then, from far away through long black lanes of ocean surges, she would come, with trails of phosphorescent foam behind her as she swam, and with the glory of her shining hair. For hours she'd sit upon the gunnel of my skiff, and we would tell the old, old tale, until the glowing dawn dissevered our embraces; then, still beckoning, she would sink toward her native depths and leave me with a memory—and a hope.

Too long this lasted,—yet not long enough—and I must hurry on to that last night.

Now she had grown more moody (not more cold) as time went on, and oft I waked and found her by my side, too deeply troubled, by I knew not what, to wake me in that most delightful way. So would she gaze upon me longingly and sad, as if I were not there, or, more, as if not I, but some one else were near her—some one she had known, and loved, and lost. Yet, whiles I could, I bore the pain, till that last night my heart had broken could I not have known the worst. So, as we sat beside the sea, I prayed that I might bear what woe she had with her, and if it were that I had erred, or if some cruel fate had led me on to joys that were not mine, that she would give me word and I would go.

Then, slowly, mid her bitter sobs and scorching tears, she told me this: In short, the bitter story of a former love—and he a mortal, too, else had she never suffered from the doom of her who has transgressed the god's decrees,—a man most wondrously like me, in face, in form, in carriage, and in word precise—my very counterpart. Him she had known and loved until he disappeared, she knew not when, for in the sea there are nor hours nor days, but swing of tides when Father Nereus breathes, and the slow march of waters that o'erwhelm the shore. So she had waited, watching for her love's return, till I had come.

In that first glance she saw, or thought she saw, him she had lost; and so, believing, greeted me as I have said. Yet soon she wondered at the change she saw, but dared not speak, or ask me why I seemed so strange. For mortals are so different from them who live beneath the sea! They come and go, and have such fancies, fears, and ways, their lives are far past finding out. And so, as oft we met, though still I spoke and acted like that other one, my words seemed new, my manners not the same. Yet dared she never speak of it till now, for now she knew that he and I were twain.

Yet, for my passing love for her, she plead with me to seek him out and bring him back to her.

And, saying this, she drew from off her hand a ring I had not seen before, and, as the tide had turned and she must haste, bidding me meet her there again, she sadly gave one long, last kiss, and sought the sea.

* * * * *

How could I tell her of the lapse of years? How could I tell her of decay and death? How could I tell her that her missing love, though I should search the earth, might not be found?

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And yet she lived and loved, and still was beautiful.

And still was faithful to her ancient lover there, who, years and years ago, upon the shore where we had met, returned her love and worshiped her, like me.

Ah! like to me he was, in word and deed, in truth; and cause had she to see the chance and change.

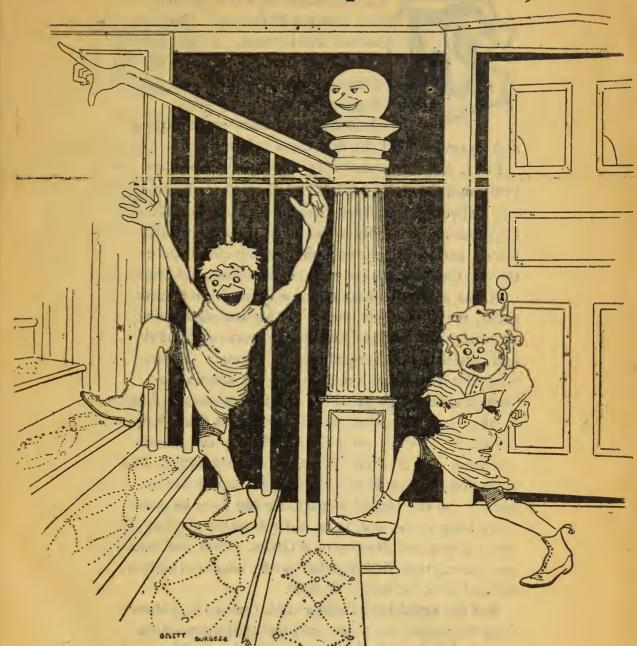
For, by the name within the ring, I knew she loved one who had owned these shores long, long ago; — my very ancestor, by near a score of generations gone!

I never saw her more; I could not try to teach her mind such tragedy as this. And when the sea mourns, and far away I see the jeweled moonlight on its throbbing breast, I go not near the shore.

VI TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

The state of the s

My Feet they haul me 'round the House; They hoist me up the Stairs;



I only have to steer them and They ride me everywheres.

"Test Me Another," said Vivette:



LL was disorder in the boudoir of the Princess Pittipums. Pittipums herself was in tears. It was n't so much that the Doll Builder had taken advantage of her—she could forgive that, perhaps,—but

\$\begin{align*} Orion and Polaris were missing, \text{ were missing,} \text{ were missing.} \text{ were missing

and however could she find them before night?

For it was Pittipums' duty to polish up the stars every month, and, at the full of the moon, when there was a silver screen before the sky, she stood on Mount Olympus and carefully took them down from their places, and, wrapping each in a woolly cloud, bore them to the seashore and washed them clean and bright.

It was while she was on tiptoe in her high-heeled shoes, reaching up to one of the highest shelves in Cygnus, that the bad Doll Builder came up behind and kissed her on her pretty pink cheeks. To be sure, she had heard him coming; but she was so startled that she dropped her apronful of stars tinkling on the floor, and, when she had returned from that corner of the deep sea and spread them all, planets, asteroids, and crawling comets, upon her carpet, two were gone! She dare not tell—how could she explain? So she filched a sparkling sun from its place away back in the sky, in an old system men had never seen; it was just the size of \$\beta\$ Orion. And she found two others, that, tied together, with a small red meteor, she put back for bright Polaris.

But the artful Doll Builder took the two lost stars from his pocket next day, and snapped them into a little foolish head he had just made; then, with a smile, he set the dainty doll upon the earth, and it went walking off toward the West—and me.

the Peculiar History of the Chewing-Gum Man.



WILLIE, an' Wallie, an' Huldy
Ann,
They went an' built a big CHEW-

They went an' built a big CHEW-IN'-GUM MAN:

It was none o' your teenty little dots, With pinhole eyes an' pencil-spots; But this was a terribul big one—well,

'Twas a-most as high as the Palace Hotel!

It took 'em a year to chew the gum!!

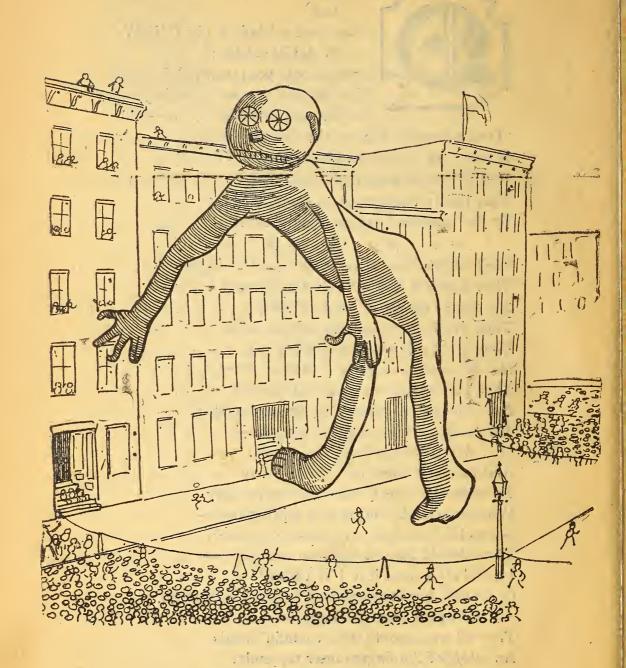
And Willie he done it all, 'cept some

That Huldy got her ma to chew,

By the time the head was ready to do.

* * *

Well, Willie he chewed it for days 'n' days; They brung it to him in gret big drays; An' fast as he got it good an' soft, Then Wallie he come and carried it oft. Then he'd roll it into a gret big ball, An' he made a-more'n a million in all! Then Huldy Ann she spanked 'em flat An' pinched an' poked, an' the like o' that, Till she got it inter a gret big hunk -My! did n't Huldy have the spunk! And then she sliced one end half-way To make the laigs ('cause they never stay When you stick 'em on in a seprit piece — Seems like the ends was made o' grease); Then she slit an arm right up each side,— I could n't a done it if I'd a tried! O' course, her brothers they helped her, though, An' rolled the arms an' laigs out, so They all was smooth with roundin' bends An' chopped the fingers inter the ends! An' when their mother had chewn the head, She went an' stuck it on, instead!



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An' then, when the man was almost done, They had an awful lots o' fun. A-walkin' down his stummick was best To make the buttons onter his vest! They struck big cartwheels in him for eyes; His ears was both tremendous size: His nose was a barrel — an' then beneath. They used a ladder, to make his teeth! An' when he was layin' acrost the street Along come their daddy, as white's a sheet,— He was skeert half outer his wits, I guess, An' he did n't know whatter make o' the mess,— But Huldy she up an' begun to coax To have him down town, to skeer the folks! So her dad he grabbed him offen the street An' Willie an' Wallie they took his feet, An' they dragged him clean down to the Cogswell fountain,

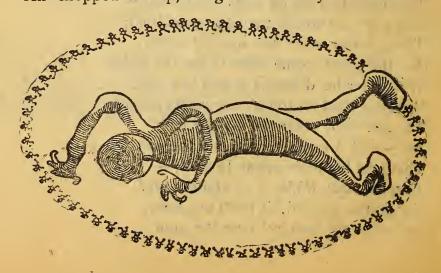
An' stood him up as big as a mountain! You'd orter seen him a-standin' there, A-straddlin' Market street in the air!

Well, he stood up straight for a week 'n' a half An' the folks, Gee! did n't they yell 'n' laff; The boys clum up his laigs quite bold—
The gum was so soft they got good hold; The cars run under him day an' night,
An' the people come miles to see the sight!
Well, after he 'd stayed as stiff 's a post,
With his head on top o' ther roofts almost,
The sun come outer the fog one day
An'—well, I guess you can see the way
That gret big feller begun to melt;—
Imagine how Willie and Wallie felt!
For first he cocked his head out some,
An' when the heat got inter the gum

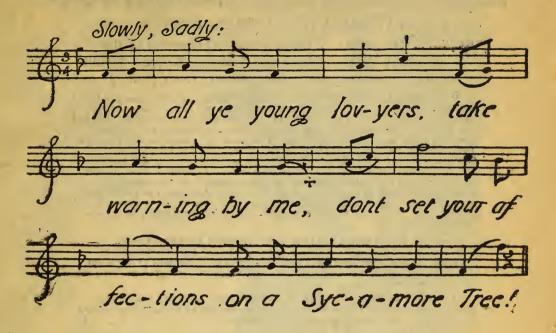
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He slowly waved his arms ahead An' slanted forred, just like he was dead! An' all day long he leaned an' bent Till all expected he would have went An' pitched right over. They roped the street To keep the crowd away from his feet. I tell yer he was a sight; my soul! Twicet as high as a telegraft pole, Wavin' his arms an' slumpin' his feet An' a-starin' away down Market street. Then, what did I tell yer — that blame ole head Their mother had made a-seprit, instead,— It fell right off an' squashed a horse! ('T was so soft, it did n't kill him, o' course.) When his hands got so they touched the ground A hundred policemen they come around; They stuck a cable-car to his feet, An' one to his head, a-goin' up street, An' then they pulled him opposite ways, An' they pulled him for days 'n' days 'n' days, An' they drored him out so slim an' small That he reached a mile 'n' a half, in all.

An' that was the end o' the CHEWIN'-GUM MAN For Willie, an' Wallie, an' Huldy Ann. They come along with an ax next day, An' chopped him up, an' guve him away.



Ese Inconstant Lover.



Now all ye young lovyers Take warning by me, Don't set your affections On a Sycamore Tree!

For the leaves they will wither
And the branches decay
But the Inconstant Lovyer
Is wuss nor all they!

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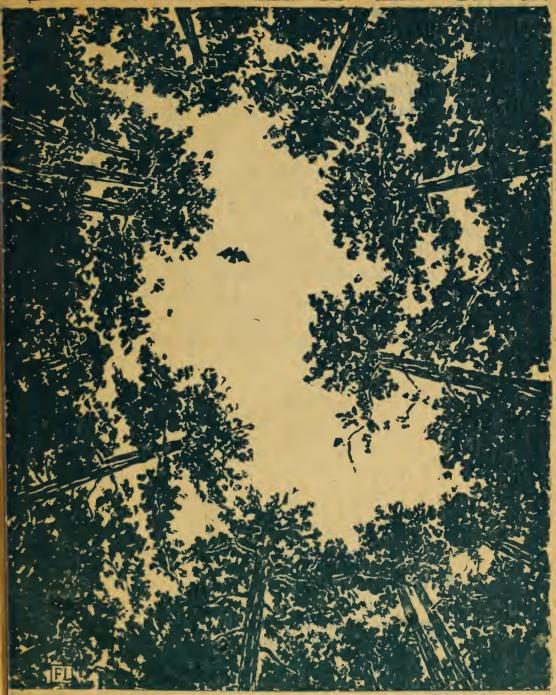
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NUMBER 4

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST FIRST

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Copies of the Lark Poster for May may be had on application. Price, twenty-five cents, postpaid.

THE HALCYON DAYS.



LITTLE wan-faced boy guided a plow to and fro all day across a clean, sweet field. With large head and small body, stumbling in and out of the furrow, now he held the plow, and now the plow held him. And by his side a rosy, black-eyed girl walked with him over the clods.

As they went together back and forth and back again in the sunshine, the Lark swung down the breeze, and met the smell of fresh-turned earth, and the jingle of the blackbirds in the maples; and he saw the boy and girl were in another world. For, as she tramped it up and down beside her brother, urging the old horse, that whole forenoon she read aloud to him, in her clear, young voice, out of a magic book the Song of Hiawatha.

"SHE HAD A KIND HEART," SAID VIVETTE.



HE whole world was open and we walked in, smiling. There was no one at home but a squirrel, so we sat down to wait. At last the people began to come back. First, there was a lame old man with his foot gone.

"Poor old man!" said Mamie, "I feel so sorry for you! Won't you take my foot?"

He was such a droll man with Mamie's little foot on him, but he would n't stay, and ran off, shouting. Then along came a boy, with his arm in a sling.

"Can't you get a good arm?" said Mamie; "here, take mine!" So off went Mamie's right arm—and how I laughed at her!

"Faith, I'm all one-sided, and you'll have to hold me up," said Mamie.

A little later they came, two by two, and thick as spatters, and by noon there was nothing left of good little Mamie but Mamie's voice.

Put me in your ear, so you'll not lose me," said Mamie. Then all the rest came too, for the cripple man had told them, and "O where's Mamie?" they said.

"Tell them I'm up the tree," whispered Mamie's voice.

"She's gone up the tree after more limbs," said I.

So they all went up the tree after her.

"Is the whole world up there?" said Mamie.

"They're all up there," said I.

"Then call them down," said Mamie, "one by one." So first a little girl came.

"Do you like black eyes?" said Mamie.

"Brown ones," said I, "like yours."

"Then let her go," said Mamie.

After a while another came down.

"SHE HAD A GOOD HEAD," SAID I.

"She has eyes like yours," said I.

"They're prettier!" said Mamie, "or you'd never have said that; so take them!" So I took them away from her as she came down the tree; but I kissed her first, for Mamie could n't see.

"Now, I'll have a mouth next," said Mamie. (How she could have suspected I don't know, but she watched me with her two brown eyes after that.) It was a rosy mouth, with pretty milk teeth, that I got for her. There was nothing in the whole world like it.

"Now, you're safe," said Mamie.

"Do you like light hair, or dark?" said Mamie.

"Gold hair," said I, "with a spark in it," said I; and they came down by dozens, and ran away across the earth like ants, before I got any to suit her.

By this time Mamie was too pretty, almost. I kept turning my head to look at her, "Hurry up," said Mamie; "we must let them all go before night, and it's four o'clock already."

So Mamie grew, and grew. The folk were selfish at first, and stingy when I stopped them; but when they saw Mamie they were proud of her, and they 'd say, "Oh, indeed, my hands are pretty enough; Teddy always said so!" But at first Mamie would refuse them, and turn up her nose. "Oh, please, take them, do," they'd say. "Well, perhaps they'll do," said Mamie.

The very last thing was a little pink toe, and Mamie was so particular that they were all out of the tree but three old men, before we knew it.

"The sun is setting," said Mamie; "I don't want their old toes; let them go."

So when the whole world was empty again, I was alone with a beautiful, beautiful Mamie.

"I'm afraid I shall limp a little, but I'm perfectly happy!" said Mamie.

OVER THE WEST HILLS.



HE has tightened her cinch by another inch, she has shortened her stirrup-strap, And she's off with a whirl of horse and girl, and I'm a lucky chap!

With a "Catch if you can! I'm as good as a man!" at a breakneck pace we ride.

I have all but placed my arm round her waist, as we gallop side by side.

When "Roop! Ki Yi!!" and her elbows high, she spurts in the cowboy style:

With a jerk and a saw at her horse's jaw, she's ahead for another mile!

And it's Nancy's dust that breathe I must, and it's Nancy's trail I follow,

Till I leave the rut for a steep short-cut, and I've caught her down in the hollow.

Then into the creek, with a splash and a shriek, to her saddle-girth she dares;

"Oh, make for the shoal, or he'll stop and roll!" But it's little that Nancy cares.

And up the hill she's ahead of me still, and over the ridge we go!

And my steaming nag has begun to lag; but it is n't my fault, I know.

Oh! fair astride does Naney ride, and her spur she uses free,

And it's little she cares for the gown she wears, and it's little she cares for me!

But the strawberry-roan, with the sharp backbone, that Nancy rode that day,

He does n't forget that Saturday yet when Nancy led the way!

There is a Theory some deny,
That Lamp Posts once were three foot high



And a Little Boy was terrible strong, And he stretched'em out to'leven foot long!

THE DIVERTING OF DEIGHTON.



N truth, Deighton had never committed an indiscretion. He had never gone larking, linked arm in arm with Laughter, and, with Gayety for a guide, made zigzags through the fields of wild-oats he had never sown. He had followed, instead, the straight path of sobriety; and when he had come at last to the security of the

church, it was with a mind virginal of a joke, and a heart, consequently, unfitted for the ministry to man, who stumbles so frequently into the snares set by Hilarity. Deighton had denied himself to Experience; but the Gods of Life will not let us keep the door shut to the knocking of the Teacher forever.

* * * * * * * * *

He was burrowing for his text in the second chapter of Ezra, when it leaped out at him, full-fledged, naked of device, so madly gay, so irreverent, so obscene, that he sprang to lock the door, and on the second, bowed on the desk and scattered the papers of his sermon with the blowing of his mirth! He laughed till the very pictures on the wall swung on their hangings; he shook the floor with his stamping, then rolled there till the paroxysm came to the gasp—then took it up again, his sides kneaded like dough, his chest flatted with the wind he could not breathe, and meantime his thoughts whirling, like a smutted pie-plate, level above his head. It was of a humor so wild, so irresistible, that it illuminated life for him—of meanings so various, so subtle, so vile, that his brain blackened and his heart clutched with fear, till his blood was sent bouncing through his veins with the mirth of it, and his laughter cracked in his throat.

THE DIVERTING OF DEIGHTON.

He became aware, at last, of the strained voice of his housekeeper at the door, appealing to his sanity, and through the keyhole he gasped his assurances, and told her with cheers that he would not come down to tea.

And he passed the night in the grip of his mirth, and at breakfast (haggard and joyless of feature) had but to open his mouth to fall into the trap the gods had set for him. He shouted at the suggestion of toast; he walked the floor at the offer of bacon; and the housekeeper gathered Apprehension and Injury to her bosom, and took them to her own apartment to nurse. And with the hours he saw it all: madness lay before him; the blighting of the hopes Her promise had made blossom; the withdrawal of all his chances of advance in the church that the Bishop (Her father) had given him glance of; and all his life lay naked and bare, because he had conceived a bon mot—rather a bonne bouche,—a mouthful of a story that had filled him full.

No, he must be manned, to resume life, to take up again the routine of the days—as if he had never broken it. He would resume habit upon this instant; he would go now and call upon Her,—and God give him strength to be sedate, to forget!

He went. He laid his mind for the old train of talk—the village poor, the choir's improvement, the missions' subscriptions. But the curse ran with him behind the hedges and gave him a spasm at every corner. He was admitted to the Palace—he was composed, equal to the minute; but She delayed it, and as he waited, here was the curse dodging behind the tea-table and bellying the door-hangings with mirth! And when She came, his greeting was inarticulate with giggles and squeaks; and, with despair, he saw the vista of insane laughter opening before him, and he made his way, with broken apologies, to the street.

CONTINUED.

The fit was on him, and he reeled home. Already the news of his aberration had spread from his own house, and here he went gasping its confirmation.

AND REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE

He was home, and he obscured himself to think out solutions. Life was impossible till he had found one. There was only one: he must share the hilarity—tell for once, in all its circumvention, in all its sacrilegious detail, this story that was undoing him. Tell it! But to whom? Could he, of the cloth, give to a frolicsome world this that, in its roistering humor, could undo all the work of the Fathers in a day? And always the authorship to be HIS! To be known as HIS! He saw an inundation of vile hilarity swallow the world, and only he himself, standing on a sedate Ararat, safe of the flood he had instigated. No-not to the world! He passed the night in the fearful variety of sensation that the cursed knowledge—the joy of it—gave him; the horror of it turning him cold by turns. But with the dawn, he slept like a babe, with a broad smile upon his lips. He had found the solution—he would tell it to that soul of sobriety, of discretion, the Bishop!

And to the Bishop he went. His mirth of the day before, the affront of it to Her, had chilled the Bishop.

And Deighton felt on the instant (he had never been critical before) how impervious his virtues had made the Bishop. They had varnished him, besides, with that vanity of all vanities—a manner. Despair dragged at Deighton's heart, Humour chucked at his ribs.

The Bishop was plugged with propriety, but Deighton went on; he spoke words of convention, of the thorny path where temptation led him, and the Bishop looked sympathy. But when Deighton had laid the cloth of contrition, and then asked the Bishop—in pity, that he might save his soul,—to share with him a feast of humorous

THE DIVERTING OF DEIGHTON.

impropriety, the Bishop squeaked with indignation and alarm, and, red with choler, togged out of the room, and Deighton went cheering home.

His one thought now was to tell the tale. Discretion began to grow phantom.

He would tell it. He hastened to the station, bought his ticket anywhere, and found himself at a small fishing village and an obscure resort, on the Channel Coast. He formulated his plan with desperation; he timed his trains. He was unknown here absolutely; and he would make his way to the outskirts of the town, hurl the talk in all its variety to some embarking fisherman, give him a guinea, yell with him for an hour, feel the human clap of comradeship upon his back, help push the boat from shore, and—who can tell what sudden flaw in the wind, what mismanagement of a helmsman, so overloaded with mirth, might do with a boat? At least he would be rid of it—and then back by the speeding train to right his life again and go steady.

He sped the streets, the beach, with its booths, the villas fronting the cliff walk; his goal was in sight beyond the cheerful, homely cottages, quiet under the sun. His mind fell to visions of the change his tale would bring the lives of the fisher folk, by slow degrees, the lives of the dwellers in the villas—the story coming in by the trades entrances with the fish; but the Devil was father to that tale, and he was to be done with it and home again. He plunged down the hill, and—confusion! the curse of the Gods!—pale and cold, *She* was coming up!

He gave one cry for thwarted freedom and despair, and turning, fled! The station, the train, home—all in a whirl—and then the merciful blank. The days passed dark. He heaved at intervals with hopeless laughter, and again he wept helpless tears.

CONTINUED.

He had one hour of brightening. It was when it came to him to tell it to Her. She was his betrothed; she was a woman who could be kind; and she might, too, be brave. If he told her all, all would be explained, and he might resume his life. Then, at a swoop, came blackness and giant strokes at the foundations of his soul! He saw Her sacrificed. And he—ho could never marry a woman who knew such a story!

The book of his life was closed. He lay in hiding for weeks, and without hope.

* * * * * * * * *

A letter to the Bishop, after days of waiting, brought at last his release from England, and permission to pursue his works in foreign parts. The Bishop's letter was frigid,—and Deighton wandered south.

* * * * * * * * *

In a mountain village of Afghanistan see Deighton very grey now; and scandalously scant, his parishioners of the old day would think, his costume.

The years had carried off one by one his garments.

His watch (the beating heart of the absolutely respectable) was hanging silent on the breast of the Chief. It had bought his immunity from matrimony with the ladies of the tribe. The privation of his life had struck deepest with the ragging into nothingness of his last handkerchief; since then he had grown friendly with sacrifice.

And the years had gone; fourteen he had counted by the fall of the seasons, and now the time was ripe. Fourteen years of devotion; fourteen years of the patient teaching of one smiling savage. He had carried him by gentle stages through the intracacies of acknowledged humor.

THE DIVERTING OF DEIGHTON.

Gently, at first he had guided the heathen mind through the mild and thought-stirring wit of the First Readers of England and the States:—

"Do we go up?
We do go up!"
"The hen is on the bed.
Why is the hen on the bed?"

And the savage smiled.

He had followed this mildly, with-

"H was an indigent Hen,
Who picked up a corn now and then.
She had but one leg
On which she could peg—
And behind her left ear was a wen."

It seemed to please; and hope was kept alight in Deighton's bosom.

It was the twelfth year of his labor, that a plague struck the village panic, and with terror he saw the fruits of his labor about to be snatched. He fought for the life of his pupil with desperation—and the long convalescence he cheered with somewhat indiscreet readings from Rabelais. And the savage seemed awfully pleased.

Ah! man's heart! What toil! Theology, classical history, and the wide readings in pure and impure literature—the traditions of the culture of centuries, to teach this poor heathen in a decade. Yet all this was part of it; and how Deighton slaved! There were days when he could n't—when he sat in driveling laughter in his hut and wept.

But his reward was within reach—the day when he might tell his tale, then, speeding northward, leave the savage to his paroxysms,—and he back in cleanly England again, and * * * How dear the thought!

CONTINUED.

And the day came. He took the savage by the hand, and, with titters, led him into the fastnesses of the hills. His heart was tremulous, his hands were cold, his sides heaving, and his tongue clucking the roof of his mouth. He took a little stimulant to nerve him. His eyes made mute appeal to the savage for gayety. Then, with fear upon him, Deighton began. Old memories swam, he tried control, but there in that savage dingle he rolled again on the study floor; he enacted the scene in the palace, when he went reeling out. All the old abandonment was on him. And it seemed to amuse the native.

At last he sobered to speech. He told the story—
told it with the exquisite finesse—the flavor that had come
with years. And he built to the climax, step by step;
laid one exquisite phrase against the next; played
variable lights and colors over the whole; and when he
came to it, he turned the point between his lips in
the unspeakable refreshment of the delight of release—
then blew it forth! And the sky blacked and the hills
rocked, and he fell—with a last shout of joy in it.
He lay there, he knew not how long, spent, but serene.
It was done! No longer his—he was free. His ear
opened to the distant calling of cocks. He sat up—
renewed—in the clear air of dawn—Free!

"My teacher," came a voice, "am I to remember the tale of last night as coming under the head of the Instructive—or the Amusing?"

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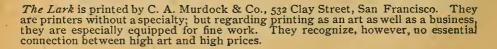
"The Saturday Review" says: "One has become so accustomed to the introduction of a fresh American acquaintance as one of the most remarkable men of his country' that the complimentary remarks on Timothy H. Rearden, which preface this modest volume, influenced us, we must confess, not a whit either way towards its perusal. Such perusal justifies in every way the eulogy of the Judge's introducers, for his gifts of scholarship, which would be noteworthy in the highest academic circles of the Old World, are doubly remarkable when we consider them as cultivated only in the leisure moments of a busy lawyer in far-away California. Learning is a good thing, but the power pleasantly to communicate that learning to others is a better, and that that higher gift was Judge Rearden's in no ordinary degree, some of these essays give us undoubted proof."

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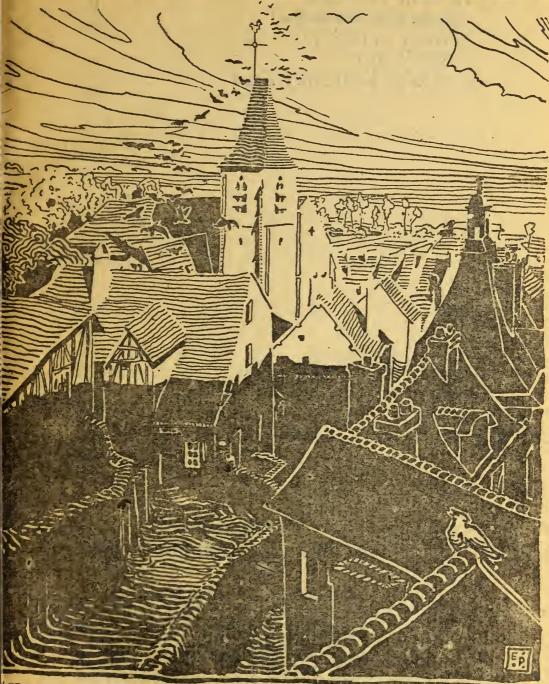
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AUSSI THE LARK eft-elle un peu embarrassée de toucher les \$.60 que ses Amis libéraux lui envoient comme Prix d' Abonnement annuel et que les Status ridicules de l' Administration des Postes la forcent de publier. Si l'Hiver venoit—et cela arrive parsois mesme en Californie—The Lark partiroit pour le Midi, et elle ne promettroit pas de rendre ce que l'on s'est obstiné de vouloir payer d'Avance.

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^{* &}quot; -One bookseller tells me that he has sold 100 copies." (!)

[†] In an editorial comment, remarkable only for its length and the fact that it calls The "Lark an "ornithological specimen," and its opening article an "epilogue."

[&]quot;It is an assertion of the right of the artist to be wayward, and indulge in innocent drollery.
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†† "One more hysterical magazine—from a realm remote from the moorings of intelligence."

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"I DON'T LIKE IT," SAID VIVETTE.



ONG, long ago, at the very dawn of history, there dwelt, secluded in a valley of the hills, a little family—father, son, and daughter. The sire had led a stirring life by field and flood, but when the mother died, had brought his children to this quiet place, to rear them in simplicity and peace. The daughter grew

into the mother's place in the old man's heart, and in the son he saw his own youth live again. But, as time went on, the boy Ardon became more and more restive. He was filled with longings to adventure into the wild world outside, and see himself the strange life of which his father told. The old man, though saddened at the thought of parting, at last consented that, if the gods so willed, the boy should go; but not until the Fates had sent some sure omen calling him away.

* * * *

One day, while the men were hunting, and the girl was alone in the valley, she heard a voice calling from afar off; and, as she answered, it came nearer and nearer. And going out to meet it, she found on the hillside, a maid clad in strange garments, footsore, bruised, and fainting With gentle hands she led the stranger with fatigue. to the fire, gave her warm goat's-milk, and bound up her Then when she was refreshed, the girl told the story of her life. Her name was Persis; all her life she had spent with her uncle—a fierce, bold man, the chief of a roving band that preyed upon the tribes of the plains, sweeping up and down the land, ravaging and warring without reck or rest. Three days ago the band had made a hurried cut up and across a rugged pass to meet some new foe, and had camped at night in a defile in the mountains. Persis had arisen at daybreak, and had climbed the cliffs to pluck some strange blossoms; but, lottering too long, had found, when she came back, only the embers of

"FOR IT HAS A MORAL."

last night's fire. The band had gone, and she was left alone. She hurried after, following their tracks, but could not overtake them. Three days she had wandered in the wilderness, till, half-dead and all but starved, she had chanced to find this place.

The girls, so strangely met, felt a great affection draw them still closer together. The sister told of her father and her brother, and their simple life. But, as the stranger needed rest, the two decided not to tell of her coming until the morning, and then surprise the men with this new friend that Fate had sent.

So Persis laid her down to rest in the lodge, and fell asleep. In the night she waked, and fell to thinking of the new home she had found, and of this brother, so different from the savage men that she had known; and, as her fancy stirred, she could not wait until the day to see him. So, stealing from the lodge, she crept across the moonlit glade, intent to have one glance at him, and then be gone. He lay on a bed of boughs, wrapped in a robe of skins, but with his face turned away; so Persis thought to hide in the shadow of a tree, and call him till he turned. And this she did, and he awoke. "Ardon!" she called; and he rose and stepped toward her. Frightened at what she had done, and fearful that he should see her, she flew across the glade and made her way back to the lodge.

But Ardon did not sleep again. It came to him with joy that this was a dream sent by the gods to call him forth. The voice and the glimpse he had of the fair girl set his heart on fire. He waked his father, and, telling him of the dream, implored him to let him go. The old man could say no more, but, fearing the pain the parting would cause his daughter, bade his son, if he must surely leave, to be up and away at dawn, before the sister rose.

The time had come; and, promising to return when the year had passed, Ardon set off in the fresh springtime with a beating heart.

"BUT NOT FOR US," SAID I.

Three months he traveled to the west, over hills, across streams, and through the deep forests. He met strange peoples, and saw strange lands; but nowhere did he see the lovely spirit of his dream. Then, as the summer bloomed, he turned toward the north. He passed long caravans making for the west. Whole tribes were moving, village folk driving their herds, and warriors plundering as they rode. He hunted with the men, and he gazed into the tents of the women, but could not find the face that haunted him.

The autumn came, and Ardon struck out toward the east, and stemmed the tide of wandering nations pressing toward the setting sun. He saw new faces—faces everywhere—but none like that he sought. The old men told him that his was a foolish dream. They whispered of new lands beyond, and bade him come with them. The maidens smiled at him in vain.

And then, as the winter set in, he gloomily turned to the south, despairing of his quest. His spirit was broken, and he searched no more.

* * * *

One by one the old familiar landmarks came in sight; and at length he reached the home while all were absent; and, weary and sick at heart, he threw himself beside the fire. And, as he slept, Persis, returning from the spring, was first to find him there. But, with the memory of her first meeting, and the sorrow her thoughtless act had brought, she cried aloud, and flew to call the others. So Ardon awoke and saw her again flying from him; and thinking this last vision sent to mock him by a derisive Fate, with breaking heart he gave himself up to his despair. Unnoticed, his father and sister approached. Not till they were at his side did he hear their glad voices of welcome, but when, at last, he raised his eyes, he saw her whom he had sought so long, standing, smiling by his very side!

BB TIDE AT NOON.



HE breezes sleep; their morning journeys done.

The seaweeds mat the sluggish channel's edges.

The sand flat twinkles in the summer sun,

And fishes flap and spatter in the sedges.

Far off across the dunes there comes the sound

Of lazy surges droning on the shingle.

My boat drifts idly, swinging half-aground,—

Then bickering gulls their raucous voices mingle,

For all has changed; and to the harbor bar

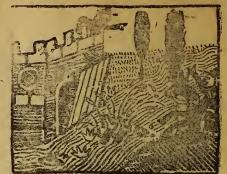
Has come a secret message from the ocean.

A thousand hurrying ripples speed from far,

And all the waters waken into motion.

AWARDS IN A PROVERB COMPETI-TION. 1827.

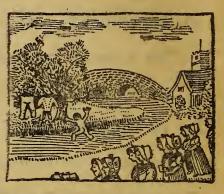
Do not cross the Bridge until you come to it.



2. Birds of a Feather flock together; or, One Swallow does not make a Summer.



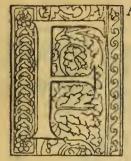
3. Misery loves Company.



4. Those who live in Glass Houses should not throw Stones.



ON CERTAIN UNREVIEWED LITER-ATURE.



AR beyond the extremest confines of the World of Letters, out of the track of the "gentle reader," undiscovered by critic or reviewer, huge, mysterious—lies the Dark Continent of Cheap Juvenile Fiction. Here dynasties rise, and are overthrown; publishers invade and conquer vast tracts of patronage; heroes flourish like demi-

gods, and no hint of the great changes pass its frontier.

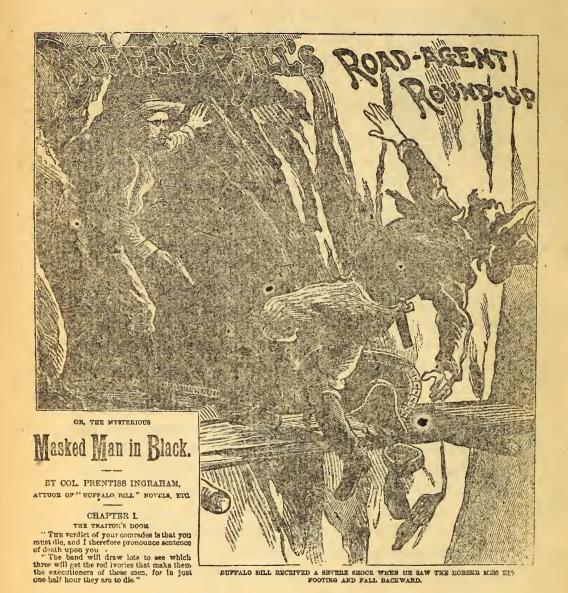
Lying broad and free under a tropic sun, its vegetation fattens and grows rank with sensation. Here the sub-title still flourishes; alliteration puts forth its myriad petals, and the short, crisp sentences are strewn abroad, like blades of grass. Jungles of verbiage, deserts of wornout phrases, mountains of fine writing and circumlocution balk the explorer; it is but the missionary and the foolhardy who dare brave its fevers and its savages. For here roam the dwarfs and giants—the ground swarms with life. Detectives, crooks, pals, redskins, highwaymen, and pirates herd together, or roam feely over the land. The air is thick with storms of battle; bullets patter on the leaves like summer rain; death stalks visibly across the open; peril and disaster duel with hairbreadth escape; the rivers run red with blood. It is a strange country surely,—at first sight picturesque, but the scenery repeating itself, like the second round of a peep-show. From Title and Sub-Title 'you shall know your plot, and by the "Cover-Situation" learn at once the very kernel of your tale. When (in No. 869)

"Buffalo Bill received a severe shock when he saw the robber miss his footing and fall backward."

(Not half so severe, however, as the robber himself received, for

"he fell from the dizzy height, and plunged downward to the surging torrent below, and the body struck the water with a loud report"),

THE DARK CONTINENT OF FICTION.



you are initiated point-blank into the acme of what excitement the novel can offer;—you see again the well-known crisis of the whole range of "Buffalo Bill" romances—
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There are protectorates established in this foreign land that arbitrate its affairs and collect its tributes—Beadle, Tousey, Munsey, Munro, Street & Smith—these are the kings that have made this world their own, and regulate the succession of native chiefs. Buffalo Bill, Deadwood Dick, and Old Sleuth pay them homage, and even the Girl Mascot, Queen of the Ferrets, they hold in the hollow of their hands.

Romance of the old school is all but dead. The Dime Novel of our youth, yellow-covered and compact, is gone—as absolutely lost to the world as the burned volumes of Alexandria. Search as you will, you shall hardly find one; but in its place has arisen this thin, flat, emasculated thing, the Half-dime Library, much too broad to convey in the pocket without folding, or to conceal behind one's geography in school.

It is easy to divide these stories into distinct groups. First, the remains of the old type of romance—tales of love, pirates and redskins, the last fast fading before the herculean prowess of the border scouts. A few may still be found—dilutions of Mayne Reid and Cooper. The love story, pure and simple, survives only in the weekly story-papers—hardly to be classed as juvenile. Then the rami-

THE HALF-DIME NOVEL.

fications of the detective plot,—young Pinkertons of incredible prescience, ever victorious against ruffian and desperado. To these, the narrative of pseudo-science—Jules Verne raised to the xth power—the miraculous inventions of Frank Read, Jr., the Steam Man, the Electric Horse, and the Air Ship, appalling the reason with technical descriptions. Apropos of the Electric Horse, its inventor says:

"By the substitution of electricity I avoid the necessity of furnace, boiler, and fuel. The battery is double, and the one in use is kept in a miniature safe, secure from accident. The second is concealed under the first, so that no one would suspect its presence. The joints are provided with rubber guards and washers, so as to obviate the possibility of friction."

And, lastly, the unspeakable comic tales, —Shorty in Search of His Dad, Muldoon, and The Twins, in every phase of horseplay, riotous with humor of the order of that of the suddenly removed chair; of which the mildest situation in fifty-two pages is:

"The next second the molasses-filled hat was jerked from his hands and jammed over his head, until its brim was on a level with his mouth."

As has been said, the exploration of such literature is somewhat fatiguing to the cultured mind. It is no slight effort to read a half-dime novel in a thorough and honest way. One may clamber over such a sentence as this, perhaps:

"Several times Buffalo Bill had placed in the grave logs and dirt, and each time all had been removed, until one day he had found a warning there that it was kept empty by an avenger who had it dug for one who had wronged him, and for whom he was looking, to kill and bring there."

It goes hard, though 'tis no worse than "French at Sight" to the tyro; but at the following description one pauses in some disquiet:

^{— &}quot;I propose that we stand back to back, step off at one, count aloud together five paces, wheel at five, and open fire, pulling trigger till one of us is dead, whether wounded or not."

[&]quot;His face was a fine one, yet was marred by a cynical look hovering about the mouth that at times was bitter and cruel, so intense it became."

CONTINUED.

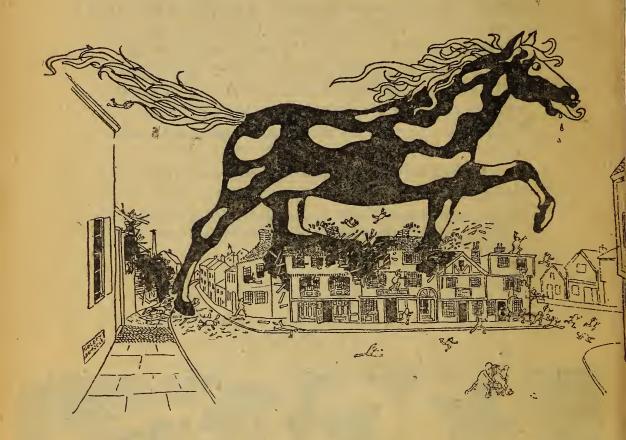
Adventure, if you may, into this wild clime; traverse its false views of life, its pitiful humor, meager plot, and, though you bring home many marvelous curiosities of style and language, you shall travel over its whole extent and find no sneer at morality, or vile suggestion, but virtue ever triumphant, honor among thieves, and hero and villain dividing glory and shame; as separate and contrasted as the two Greek masks. And, fevered with these harrowing scenes, open the pages of a "proper" juvenile periodical, and rest your eyes on tales of priggish Saturday afternoons, doll-gossip, and schoolboy trials. Did sweet Louisa Alcott, when a child, endure such realism as her publishers cruelly demanded? Can the fire of Romance and Imagination live on "half-tones?"

And shall we initiate these benighted savages into our high civilization?

[No. 869. Buffalo Bill's Road Agent Round-up, or the Mysterious Masked Man in Black, by Col. Prentiss Ingraham. New York: Beadle & Adams. 1895. Paper, 8vo. Five cents.]



Once there was a GIANT HORSE, That walked through all the Town,



A-stepping into all the Roofs,
And Smashing Houses down!

To be Published Immediately

The Legend of Aulus

And Other Poems

- BY -

FLORA MACDONALD SHEARER

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W. Doxey proposes to issue during the fall a subscription edition of the poems of Miss Flora Macdonald Shearer. The volume will contain a poem of considerable length which has just been completed, and which will certainly add much to the reputation of the gifted author, together with a number of shorter poems, as "The Famine in Russia," which appeared originally in the "California," and afterwards was copied in the "Review of Reviews" and the "New York World," together with numerous charming poems, some of which have already appeared in "Lippincott's Magazine" and the "Overland Monthly."

The volume will contain upwards of one hundred and twenty pages, printed by Murdock, on specially imported paper artistically bound in modern style, and will be eminently suitable for the library or to send as a holiday souvenir to Eastern friends.

The following verses are by that gifted woman, Miss Flora Macdonald Shearer. Amongst their other qualities are elevation and simplicity—than which in poetry no qualities are more engaging, nor any so rare.

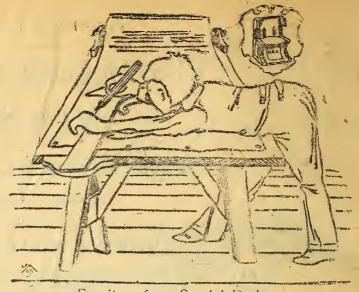
-Ambrose Bierce in San Francisco "Examiner."

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"MY DIAL GOES NOT TRUE"

The Lark;

0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+

GELETT BURGESS, EDITOR, 508 SUTTER ST., S. F.

ERNEST PEIXOTTO BRUCE PORTER KARL HOWARD

NUMBER 6

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER FIRST

1 8 9 5

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM DOXEY,
631 MARKET ST. ISSUED MONTHLY.
SUBSCRIPTION, SIXTY CTS. A YEAR.

Entered at the Post Office in San Francisco as second-class matter.

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Posters for May, 25 cents; Posters for August, 50 cents.

HELEN'S FACE A BOOK.



ELEN'S face is like a book— Charming all its pages. Helen's face is like a book; What's the story I forsook

When on Helen's face I look? Alive de

When her smile engages ?!! August titien in and the

mid yar besiden

in court les hel ion

There I read an old romance;

Here I see one living.

Underneath her lashes!

in coing and I was ou . Il weilhad been nicht There I read an old romance, salt in terrosi ver grice to But in Helen's lightest glance smoot bad I y a good add Far a livelier tale enchants, un onem bluow I talt teop a sing anyiviality landed one in use ig at with the gentry. So, gnivig themstisses bliw. pull with one whose cioth had

What is printer's ink to me? din yab eswalls and Commas, dots and dashes! What is printer's ink to me If with Helen I may be, Exclamation points to see

STUDIES FOR TRACTS II.



ATELY, having passed my youth, and coming on toward middle age, (the first stretch of that long journey between Life and Death, that all men must make, and most women,) I was for taking the road debonairly and with a good, swash-

so, with this habit upon me, I fell in with a various company, most of whom were for smacking their lips at every inn and the barmaid over the counter. Now, the habit of my bringing up had been sober, and hence my late comrades had looked on me with suspicion of my sincerity, and I was often ill at ease with my conscience, and when I had been laid in a ditch over night, and was scraping my jacket in the morning, thinking on all this and the long way I had come from sobriety, I swore loudly to a post that I would mend my manner on the road, and, since conviviality landed one in the gutter, strive to walk upright with the gentry. So, setting forth, I joined company with one whose cloth had the scent of sanctity, and whose talk was dry with admonition.

"Faith! man," cried I (when I had been kept corked for near an hour), "I am but this morning reformed, and made choice of your company for a settler; but if you keep your eye pasted to the remnants of my last night's coverlid, still sticking between my shoulders, and your tongue so set upon my last night's misdirection, I'll be forced to find pleasanter company." And with that he bade me "speed" with an unbecoming alacrity.

Now I hung on the edges of the road in hope of some passenger looking favorably upon me, and, as luck would have it, there came into view a comely and virtuous woman, as I knew by certain signs. And, being of a fair figure and not offensive of face, I had assurance in addressing her, and was soon in talk. She having a tender way with her, and a hesitating manner of looking out of the

CONTINUED.

end of her eye, I was won unawares to be making gentlemanly sorrow over my sins, and, being a good woman and nearing forty, she was for telling me her doubts, and then, on a sudden, (and me quite free-minded, and enjoying myself,) on a sudden she had her head in my jacket, and was wetting me down with her tears. Now, the case of an unmarried man is hard enough in this world, where all the women are for marrying; and, not having marriage on my mind, and having a care for the woman, I did what little I could for her, holding her up and keeping my cheek turned handy should she want it. I stayed by her as long as I could. Making no response, and sore beset in the meantime with not knowing what to do with her, I felt like a kicked cur when I sniggered out that "I'd better be going back for a little box I'd left behind with some odds and ends in it, and my marriage certificate." Gad! but I had it hot from her on that; and thinking to make it up with her and to shut off the scolding, I kissed her. She gave me a blow that nigh felled me, and while I was still staggering with it she packed her baggage and, I warrant, with less sentiment in it for the next man.

I sat and pondered one regret, when along the road came another—all elbows and ankles, as is the way with women light of love. She gave me a gallus greeting, and was for sitting down side to me; and what could I do but share the nip of drink. I was freshening on, and, after a bit, she was for taking the road together. I had to break it to her that I was a reformed man, and with that she cursed me flatly, and was off. "Devil's luck," quoth I, "she was pleasant company, and little harm in her;" and she was diminishing down the road.

Now, I fell in with many men that day (avoiding the women), and to all I was neither fish, nor fowl, nor good red herring, and as night came down I was going lonely and thinking in what lay my failing. Now I thought that it might be a lack of learning, seeing what respect is given

STUDIES FOR TRACTS II.

a well-read man; and now again I thought it might be that a man must have travel to lighten him; or may be, the experience of a wife (God forbid!) But, after all, I came back to it: it was Virtue I was needing, and I wept for my sins. Now, in the dusk, I met two travelers, and they were returning on their tracks. Seeing so unusual a sight, I hailed the first. "Sir," I cried, "will you tell me why your face is set in the wrong direction on this road, where all men travel north; and why you weep?"

"I weep because of ignorance," he said, "and because of this, I am sent back from the gate that I may learn." Now, he had the speech and manner of a bookish man, and I marveled; and then I saw he was dressed in old parchment, and his breath had the stink of printer's ink, and the linen he wore was patterned with types. "Alack!" I cried, "you have a malady." "Nay," he said; "for a book-worm ate my heart." Now, this was strange talk to a common man, but I gathered something of it, though that little left me strong for Virtue as the chief need in life; and hereupon I met another; and his eyes were red with his grief. "Man!" cried I, "why do you travel back upon the road you have come, and what makes the body of your grieving?" He had chin whiskers and a long lip, but the human look was in his eye when he answered me. "I grieve because of my virtues," and with that I bit the road, for here was the last peg knocked from my hopes, and all the world set crossways. "Your virtues!" cried I, "and for what more do they ask at the gate?" "They ask for VIRTUE," he answered me; "not mine nor yours." "But, faith!" I shouted, "you had virtue!" "Nay," he replied; "it was my grandmother's; for I have never been tempted." Considering this man's words, I set my face with his, back upon the course I had come; and when my way lies north again, with a new heart under my waistcoat, you shall have the record of the journey, and of my regenerating adventures by the way.

THE CENTURY IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE! HURRY UP AND GET YOUR NAME IN PRINT, OR YOU'LL BE 'LEFT!

HERE are 63,250,000 people in the United States.

Of these, but 50,000 have suffered amputation of both hands. For the remaining 63,200,000 writers, there are to-day but 7000 periodicals (beside newspapers) in which their articles can appear! For this reason the editor's table is filled with the

manuscript of his friends only. Can you blame him? - No!

But to bring within the magic realm of authorship the many deserving writers without influence, there has been established the

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T will be the *smallest* and most *extraordinary* magazine in existence. It will be printed on *Black* paper with *Yellow* ink. The margins will be very, very wide, the cover almost impossible.

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Address all subscriptions and manuscripts to the editor,

Gelett Burgess, San Francisco.

IN A TOWN GARDEN.



LITTLE well of dark and leaves,

Sunk in the city's glare and noise;

My tree-tops, glinting 'twixt the eaves,

Stir strange desires in town-bred boys.

Here come the seasons in their round,

To play upon this mimic stage:

Spring, breathing bloom, und Autumn browned,

And Winter in the Masque of Age.

And birds come here, and bees come here,
To taste what flavors towns can yield;
They go where skies are clean and clear,
And where the sun is gay, afield.

36 26 26 26

Ah, well! content can be four-walled, allow;

I turn the earth and trim the tree;

And the bird that swings on the forest bough

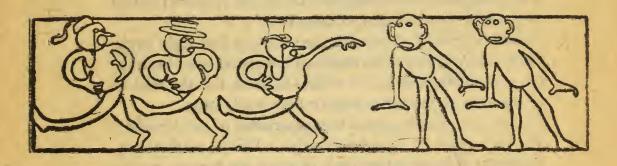
Shall bite my cherry's cheek for me!







I'd rather have Fingers than Toes;



I'd rather have Ears than a Nose;

And as for my Hair,

I'm glad it's all there,



I'll be awfully sad when it goes!

A NEW PERMUTATIVE SYSTEM OF PSYCHOLOGY.



T may be doubted that any system of thought arranged upon the lines herewith proposed can be a success. The fact of its accomplishment alone, important as it must be, is no proof of method.

For instance, the correct relation between any two facts is one that must be investigated along the lines of thought most perfectly correlated to these facts.

And in spite of what might be called at first sight irrelevancy, there is this to be observed, no matter what bearing the above may have to the subject in hand, that the relation of one part to any other may or may not be true.

And here must be noted the importance of the demand that such types of thought do exist. This is, no doubt, a quality of subjects rather than of relativity between modes of expression.

So, too, are questions affecting the expression of coherent symbols of equal importance with the methods by which those symbols are expressed.

But at the same time there must be a certain divergence in form between the types of question to be discussed.

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INTERCHANGEABLE PHILOSOPHICAL PARAGRAPHS.

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A De la Valle de la Constantina

WHILE LUCIA SINGS AND ARDON PIPES.

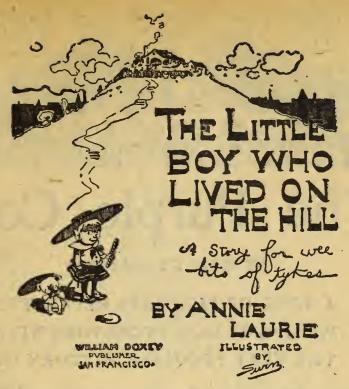


II. But Sylvia has reproved the bees,

And she has sent them back again,

For flowers are sweet enough for these;

Her lips were made for men.

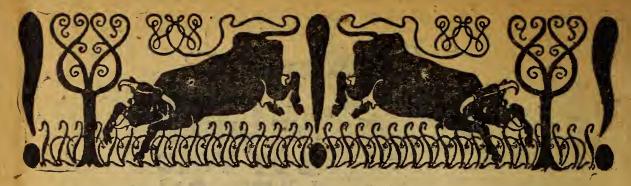


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BY GELETT BURGESS

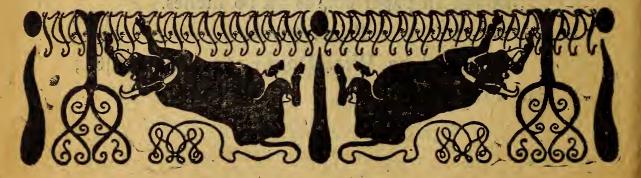
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The Lark;

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EDMOND CHARLROY
CLINTON BROOKS BURGESS

NUMBER 7

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER FIRST

1 8 9 5

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM DOXEY,
631 MARKET ST. ISSUED MONTHLY.
SUBSCRIPTION, SIXTY CTS. A YEAR.

Entered at the Post Office in San Francisco as serond-class matter.

Lurks - Nos. i 2, 5, 25 cents; Nos. 3 and 4, 50 cents. Posters for May, November and August, 50 cents.

SUNRISE.

HE brazen calling of the cocks at dawn,
From farm to town—from town to farm,
Rings the round earth in mirth of morn,
And scatters darkness, with the Day's alarm.

Awake, ye sleepers! Night is past!

The fields are aching for the plough!

The world is waiting—nay, at last,

My Moll steps forth to milk the cow!

REFLECTIONS ON RECENT DISTURB-ANCES IN GOUPVILLE.

OR a long time I conceited myself to have enjoyed an imaginative childhood, but the recently published history of Goupville has aroused in me



UT, THE FIRST, And His Favorite Rackhawk.

many misgivings as to my past. I read the books that feed the pre-adolescent fancy, and I directed the games of my playmates into romantic paths as best I might. Forbidden to play marbles "for keeps," my gaming instincts forced me into the wider fields of brigandage and border scrimmages with the neighboring South End clans.

With the Concord street boys, mighty in baseball, who forayed into our province with faces painted like redskins, we

were on unequal terms, for they were older and they outgeneraled us, being kept in good training by collision with the Micks from across Tremont street,—outlying barbarians, who fought with rocks in their snowballs, and other vicious tricks of uncivilized warfare.

On the east, the Dartmouth street gang were well disciplined, but they were an unworthy sort too, falling three to one on our scouts, and tying them up by their thumbs till they squealed. They had no fair spirit of chivalry and knew no code of honor. They carried sticks and other uncouth weapons. A bad lot.

For we were all for Scott. We were an Order,—small, but well up in the technique of feudal ways, facile in sword-play, both with the thin, sinewy hard-pine rapier, and the

THE ART OF BEING A BIG BROTHER.

huge double-handed, cross-hilted battle-sword, that should stand just as high as one's head; and on the brick sidewalks we tilted on velocipedes, full in the view of the anxious passers-by. Cap-à-pie in wooden armor sheathed with tin, with shields blazoned with tiger's heads and Latin mottoes out of the back of the dictionary, many a long red lance I shivered, and many a wheel I broke. On Warren Avenue I did it, opposite the church.

But it did not last. It was but an episode; and now, as I look back, I see so many gaps in the game that I quite regret its incompleteness. I was but a youngling, and did not know. I could have been Front-de-Bœuf for the asking, but I did not rise to the possibilities of the situation; and my elder brothers, who, after all, had invented the play, left me to my own devices, they having to perfect a new secret society, that I was myself soon to emulate.

Now it is this older brother that should give finesse to such sport. Without him, distractions arise that accomplish at last the ruin of the game. Many of us do not truly learn to play till it is too late to do so with dignity, and to these the appreciation of the young gives a fine excuse for prolonging the diversion. For we cannot all, when grown up, play imaginative games simply for the pure joy of it, as does the child. Indeed, many children are nowayears themselves too lazy to do even their own playing. I have heard of one who has used to sit on a chair and order his servant to align his toy-soldiers and bowl them down for him, with a rubber ball!

See Tusitala stretched full length upon the floor, involved in romantic campaigns; massing his leaden troops, and occupying strategic positions in hall and passage, skirmishing over the up-stairs "roads of the Third Class, impassable for artillery" intercepting commissary trains coming up from the Base of Operations, deploying over the rug, and outmanœuvering the wily foe that defends the veranda,

I HAD ONE MYSELF,

both bound by the strict treaties of the play. There is your ideal big brother, and the game of toy-soldiers glorified into weeks of excitement.

It is to this foreign intervention that the History of Goupville owes its virility. It is an epic game and has been years in the making. There is many a good play spoiled for want of the big brother's encouragement. I have a friend of four years, who has a bank down town, from which he ships carloads of dried fruits. He has a mysterious assistant,—Jack Pistol,—what possibilities in the name! But the bank will fail, I fear and Jack Pistol be out of work. No big brother.

A small girl I know is much absorbed with an invisible brother and sister,—the ghosts of children yet unborn. "Do n't sit in that chair," she says, "little brother is in it!" but at last, by such persistent disregard of the unseen presences, their small lives will be crushed out. So with another of my friends, who is on intimate terms with a bear that lives in a chimney,—a good Catholic bear, that refuses to say his prayers properly in Hebrew. I tremble for that bear for, by the same token his days are numbered.

A certain old chair I have seen however, still remains at an advanced age, in a very perfect state of personification, a resemblance to a bow-legged friend having gained it great distinction. A big sister it was in this case, with the nicknaming gift that immortalizes trifles. Happy were her little brothers!

This is a long way around to Goupville, which after all, is not so much a game as a story, a never-ending tale beginning to be written down, alas, for where Literature comes in Play goes out. Your character-sketcher seldom fails to kill his man. The Little Nation of the Undescribed is dying down, for its citizens once written up become conventional. The Magazine door is opened for them and they walk through it, out into the world, never to return.

WE MET AT MEALS.

Writers bring home dead specimens, each anxious to add to his own collection; and so I, too, seeing Goupville in type, would bag the game.

From the Spare Minutes, I can quote but a paragraph of my young friend's Saga, the fascinating introduction to

the child's

HISTORY OF GOUP VILLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAKING OF GOUPVILLE.

An Englishman named John was buried and became a skeleton. Other skeletons joined him in a country called Goupville. They made a king named Cackleton, who drove out all the Liverbone goups that were commencing to come to this island. A great general named Rails headed them, defeated Cackleton and was made king.

Now that it is in print, and every one may know it, the game is doomed, and the dynasty of the House of Ut will pass away, and a legion of hig brothers shall not revive it. The great Wind Plot, when the savage Malachites were blown off the island by the compound bellows of the Ooftyite Goups—and the heroic death of Sir Edward Mulchivers Dorash will pass into tradition—the dreaded scourge of Orobaldity will not again inflate the islanders, and the electric Goups will be as extinct as the rackhawks they superceded, for Goupville is gradually revolving on its axis! The southern half is now under water, the northern high in air.

Woe to Goupville; its last day is set. But it is in its author's brain, I fear, that Goupville is most deeply submerged,—for the big brother has gone to Europe.

BIRTHDAY RHYMES FOR LOUISE AND GRACE.

N vain old Father Time each yearly round

Attempts to take his toll from fair Louise.

For when he calls she ne'er at home is found;

'T is clear she means to cheat him of his fees.

And though full keen he sharpens up his blade,

And stands his little hour-glass on its head,
When he approaches her to ply his trade,
She calmly cuts the gray old Cutter dead.

ज्रह - ज्रह क्रह

OVEMBER Fifteen,

I know why you're merry!

You know what I mean,

November Fifteen,

When you come on the scene

So jubilant, very,

November Fifteen—

I know why you're merry!

The Roof it has a lazy Time, A-lying in the Sun;



The Walls, they have to hold him up; They do not have much Fun!

A NOCTURNAL COLLOQUY.

And how came it to eventuate, my dear Caligraph, that you succeeded in obtaining such marvelous and very unique proficiency in the art of spontaneous communication? Hew did it transpire? Your daily avocation, like mine, keeps you ground under the iron heel of the despot whose will must be your law. Your emancipation from this despised thralldom awakens within me the mingled feelings of surprise and hope

MR. LINOTYPE:

Sir: In reply to your favor of this last inst., I would say: My facilities for handling the business consigned to me by the party to whom you refer are no greater than my dislike to burdening myself with the mercantile transactions with which I am entrusted. I am, as you have mentioned, overwhelmed at the present data with a great rush of trade, bust in the balance of the time at my disposal I have had leisure for considerable reflection. My attention was first called to the possibility of my/engaging in a deal on the sutside when one evening the office cat pounced upon my keys, and in her and scrambles which ensued we jointly and severally produced the following:

LINOTYPE, TYPE-WRITER AND LEAD-PENCIL.

Oh Fnyllis, "j??zVxbAj". Oq part
So soon Q'k"jxq"!-;,2 to-morrow
Alas qU)\$!'Vmlj,- my poor heart!
Ah q\$\$, ws45j""zqQKdev sorrow.

Dear Phyllis zjbB\$, r-?zv farewell Ah, cmvzkQU"!jqz.tI no, never! z\$(Qg,lT ah me, z5t? who can tell? Ay, Phyllis, \$:?;-jU forever!

Farewell .. QUmdubz\$" never mind, Sweet Phyllis, "j!zl missing Alas! v\$AQ"mvxqj".lq have to find Another q\$pw to do \$jx kissing.

As a business proposition, the above may seem but little to my credit, but the fact that man was not the Sole-Agency by which I could be manipulated struck me, as did the cat, with great force. If a cat and could produce auch an output, why should not I be able to handle the thing alone. From that time on I have been practising with great success. I have n't advertised the thing, but I will let you right in on the ground floor, and give you all the points you need.

THE MUSE IN THE MACHINE.

Looks easy - sure - What's the

I have made no inconsiderable essays before I sought your friendly offices, but the circumstances surrounding my case render it less easy to come to a satisfactory conclusion. Although with many of the words I am so familiar as to regard them as mere logotypes when taken individually, yet every once in a while the variety of their meanings leads me astray. For instance: Last night, after the vast five-story home in which I am domiciled had been deserted, and the shades of night nad failen, I endeavored to amuse myself in the solitude of my environment with the following singular results:

Was Once Wrecked

And cast upon a desert coast. After I had coasted for a considerable period, I changed the period into a dash. This last dash brought me to the very crest. The crest was, however, not as startling as the coat-of-arms—the arms were as yet unloaded; so we loaded the barrels with shot. This shot was heard for leagues—the leagues, however, gradually disbanded—the separate bands playing Yankee Doodle as they—

4t. Tu Thu Sat

Must have been rattled - when

I try - get caught in just the
other way Something of a
rhymister myself - but when
I get a couple good words
cout shake em to save neck
Had shy at Sunret racket
this a.m. - Done me up
Set outo this -

That glows at evening when the sun sinks low Empurpling all the atmosphere, as slowly sinks. The sun, bright glowing, till one really thinks. The heavens one mass of gorgeous purple light! as the bright sun sinks slowly out of sight; Descending slowly, sinking slowly down, While purple glow's the radiant glowing town. While purple glow's the radiant glowing town. The purple glow at radiant color blends. As if the gorgeous setting sun had riven (While it sinks purply down) the watte of Heaven

Sirs: The misunderstanding of which you complain can, I think, be adjusted to our mutual satisfaction. If Mr. Faber finds it impossible to do without the stock of words which he has on hand and Lino. has difficulty, as he says, in setting a precise valuation upon his goods, why cannot each manipulate the words with which they are familiar, according to the phrases for which they are billed, thus securing a net profit of economy and variety. I quote as follows: E. & O. E.

AUTOMATIC ENGLISH.

Said a miser who sordidly mised,
"My gold I have always despised;
I have stinged till I'm stingy,
And dinged till I'm dingy,
But it's really the practice I've
prized!"

Or this --

There was an old man whom they called "weather-wise",

For his prophecies ALWAYS came true,
If the day was so hot that it sunstruck the flies,

And he said it would snow, then it snew!

I offer you my sincerest thanks, Mr. Caiigraph. I will endeaver to place your advice into immediate exeuction forthwith. Allow me, Mr. Faber, to tender to yourse'f this little kijou of my own as a testimonial as a token of my esteem:

ALTHOUGH I'M YOUR TOOL,

I'll Be Nohody's Fool; I'll Be Firm If

Do You See My Point Clear?—I Must Draw the Line Here,—For I Will Not Be Lead.

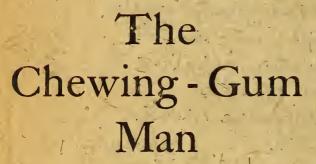
Said the Pencii.

CLICHES FOR PHRASEMONGERS.

Great! Thanks for comp. By the way Lino, - saw little book outable might help us both " Clickes for Inchoate Incipients" Here's a few I've marked Perfectly safe. You can't go wrong. 1. Thinker, - It has obviously escaped this powerful, 2. Comfort, - a home replete with every, 3. Hardchip, - a man inured to " 4. Rumors, The air was thick with, 5. Maidenhood, - She was just budding 6. Balance, - His life hung in the. 7. Disaster, - Immediately repaired to the ecene of the 8. Theaker, - all eyes were riveted upon the [rendered, 9. Offices .- The last sad ,- had been 10. Conclusion - Let me say just this, in

The Purple Cow

A BOOK OF VAGARIES
BY GELETT BURGESS
REPRINTED FROM
"THE LARK"
INCLUDING THE
VERY, VERY PECULIAR
AND MOST IDYLLIC
HISTORY OF



PUBLISHED BY

WM. DOXEY

631 MARKET STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Price, 25 Cents









MARK, HARK, THE LARK THEAVEN'S GATE SINGS

Number Will-Vents



The Lark;

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GELETT BURGESS, EDITOR, 508 SUTTER ST., S. F.

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ERNEST PEIXOTTO
PEDRO L. A.
RICHARD REDFORTH
JAMES F. MERIONETH 2d

NUMBER 8

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Posters for May. November and August, 50 cents.

TO MY MOTHER ON CHRISTMAS:



S when I was an ailing child

The dreaded cup you gave,

And held it to my lips, and smiled,

And taught me to "be brave,"

So I have drained the bitter draught

Of these long years gone by;

Time's healing remedy I've quaffed,

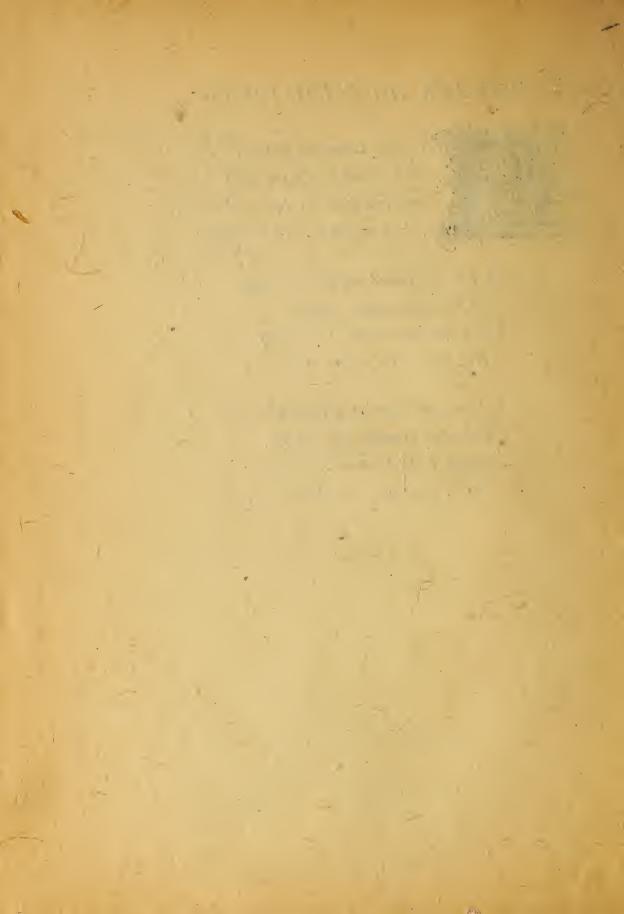
Nor known the reason why.

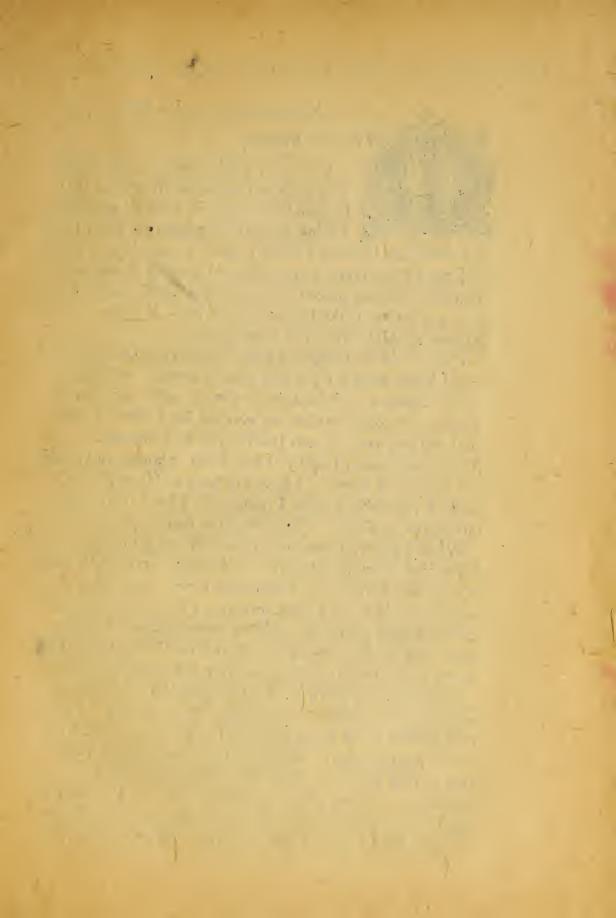
But, as when that hard cross was o'er

Your kiss brought back my joy,

So when I shall return once more,

You'll greet your wandering boy!





LETTERS FROM AN ISLAND WARD:

KEALAKEKUA, KONA May 6 1895

SY dear Mamma

I was very glad to get your nice letter.
You seem to remember everything that happen to us when we were all to-gether.
I think you do not remember when I cut

my foot when I was at school, I came home as fast I could and when I got home I drop down in front of the steps. You dear mamma picked me up in your hands and toke me in to my bed and taked good care of me. My own Mother wouldn't do as you done for me.

I know that some times I would make you mad, but now I know what is right and what is wrong. But when we are children we do not think what is right and what is wrong. So please pardon me every thing I done to you. God will pay you for your trouble you had with me. About my animals I told you that I had is horses and cattle and a dog call Rover. I have not been to Honolulu for about 8 years that's when I came up. I have run all the mountains of Kona. I like the place very much.

When I get with some of my friends and go up the mountains shouting wild cattle and sheeps. and eat all kind of mountain berries. we have lovely time. sometimes we stay up there for a week or two. I like my work very much running after wild cattle on horseback and catching them. and tie them to a tree. then go with tame oxes and tie the wild ones to the tame and they will bring them home.

I could be in a store but I do not like the job because can not go any were. have to stand there all day. I got your picture taken I was very glad to get it you look so nice in it and healthy. It looks to me mamma that you look in your picture younger then when you was in Honolulu. I thank you ever so much for it. I'm sorry that I have not got my picture taken now, so I could send it to you right away. I had my picture taken about three

RUNNING FREE ON KONZ:

years ago before my father died, I gave every one away. There is nobody up here now that takes picture taken, but as soon as I take my picture taken I will send it to you. I have not heard from my mother Bella for about four years, last I heard of her was that she was working with sam parker. I do not know if it is truth or not. I do not drink and do not smoke, every thing that you mention in your letter is truth.

Do you, Mamma remember the little dog that we had, and when we gave him away I cry?

I'm glad that you are living with your mother and brother. and that you are well. with much love my dear mamma. from your boy who love you.

PEDRO

Sept 28 95

My dear Mamma

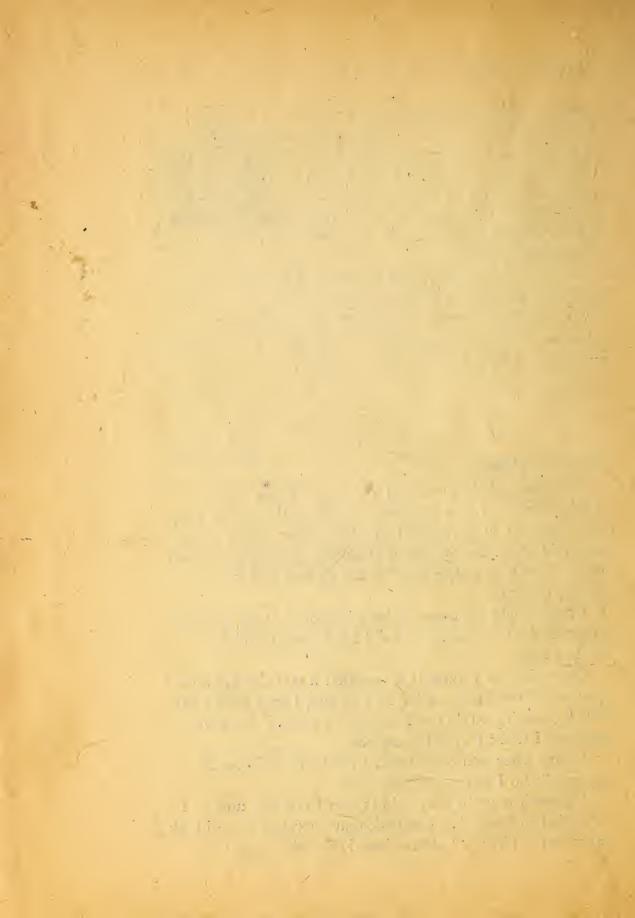
I was very glad to received a letter from you without waiting for it. I was surprised because I thought it was not time for you to received my letter dear mamma don't be afraid about the cholera in Honolulu because it is nearly over. Many of people say it is not cholera and some people say it is.

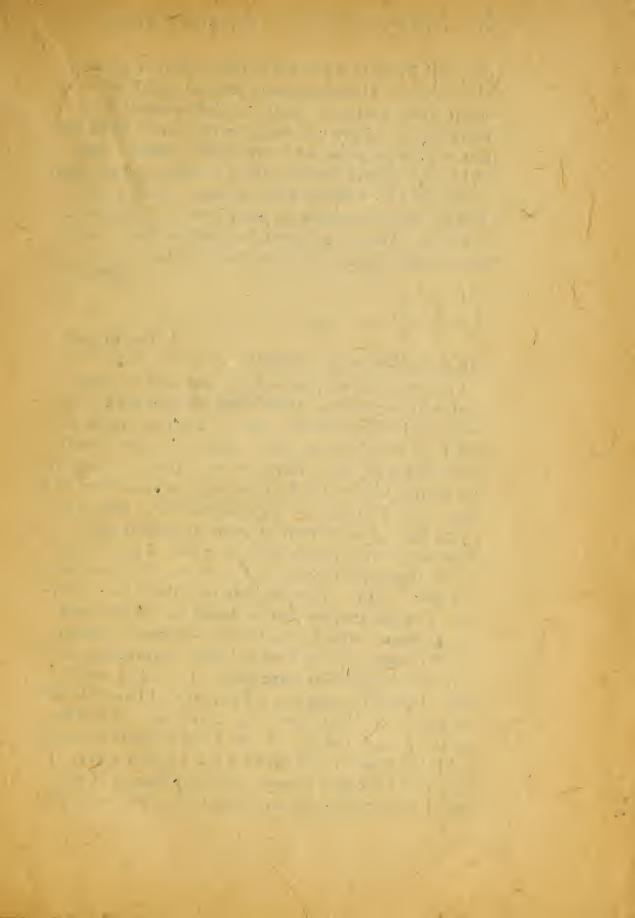
I hope it will not come up here in Kona. they stop the steamers for two weeks. we did not have no mail for three weeks.

Dear Mamma I guess it is true that if you saw me now you would not know me because so long I have been away. but I guess if you do not know me. I guess if I saw you mamma I think I would know you.

I hope when you come back, their be no sickness in Honolulu So I can go and see you.

I guess it must be very cold in San Francisco now? I was glad to know that you took that poor boy in and took good care of him. I always heard that who helps the





IN THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS:

poor and do the best you can to them that God will help him and bless. I have help many persons. and I don't want any pay only God pay. what I'm glad because I have many friends and live very happy in this world. and I hope that you are the same and so my brother Austin. thats all I have to say this time only that I'm well happy and good health and I hope that you are the same. don't be mad with me Mamma because my letter is short. next time I will make it longer and let you know more news. Good bye my dear Mamma with love from your boy

PEDRO.

Oct 16 1895

My dear Mamma of my heart

I received your very sweet letter, and read it. I was glad to know your nice native name when I have a nice mare colt I will call her that name. I will let you know that I will be 19 next mounth? About my sweet heart I have not got any yet. there are many girls that wants to get married with me but I do not want to get married with them. and I do not care to get married yet. about you saying that not to get married before 25 years is right. There are many of people living near me. I some times go out dancing on big days like christmas day. new years. and forth of July. Thats the only days that I have good fun. I'm glad that my brother Austin has not forgotten how to dance. what I would like to see was my brother Austin rideing about with me up here. and running after cattle branding and ear mark them. I would be proud then. I guess he must be a tall boy now. I think if he saw me now he would not know me. I'm 5 feet and 6 inches tall and I weigh 130 lbs. * * I had a picture of Austin and I, but some one ask me for it and I gave it a way. I sorry that I did give it away. My dear Mamma of my heart I dont think that is any thing that makes me so glad

THE NATIVE DIALECT OF THE HEART:

as your picture that you gave me. every night when I go to my room the first thing I do. I look at it and think of my sweet Mamma how good you was to me when I was with you. I have not got the picture of the cottage when we all lived in. There are many of sickness going in Honolulu now, and there are trying to stop the steamers from going out of Honolulu round the Islands. I still have curely hair if I let my hair grow long. I will write to my brother Austin. I remember Mr. Scott that lived across of us. he was up here at Kona with his son about 5 or 6 years ago. and I talk with them.

Thats all I have to say only that I'm well and happy and I feel very glad when I received a letter from you sweet mamma.

Received the love of your boy that loves you ever so much.

Good bye my dear Mamma with love

from

PEDRO.

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CHRISTMAS IN TOWN:

HIS is the magic month of all the year,

Holding the children's golden precious Day;

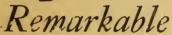
Of which, with eager eyes, we hear them say

"In three weeks,—two weeks,—ONE WEEK,

't will be here!"

The sparkling windows of the shops appear
In fascinating wonder-bright array;
With holly and with greens the streets are gay;
The bustling town begins its Christmas cheer.
Now secret plots are whispered in the hall,
Mysterious parcels to the door are brought,
And busy hands are half-done gifts concealing.
The Eve is here; with lighted tree and all!
And Santa Claus, with merry marvels fraught,
Before the dawn, across the roofs comes stealing!



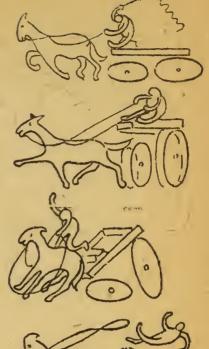


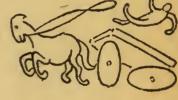
truly, is Art!

See—Elliptical
Wheels on a Cart!

It looks very fair
In the Picture up there;

But imagine the Ride when you start!











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SKETCHES OF VARIOUS ENGLISH AN-ARCHISTS:

T is the Adjective family, to be sure, that has caused most disturbance in the domain of Rhetoric. They are of a meddlesome sort when not kept under strict vision—all very well in their way,

but, like spoiled children, over fond of protrudence. Yet the Substantives hanker after them as for borrowed finery, and cock themselves in their meaningless adornment till you can scarce tell them apart. A few only, like gentleman, will have none of the brood, and dare go unattended like Don Cæsar de Bazan. But it is for the most part an internecine strife among the adjectives—the quarrels of the servants below stairs, that season the scandals of verbiage; and of all the brotherhood, intolerable and inconsequent, are the brats very and quite, both widely astray from the strict duties to which they were bred, and in their second childhood of dotage. The one was used to do good service to the noun, but now dandles at the heels of his lustier kinsmen, useless as the wings on an ostrich, a mere degenerate appendage. The other's career is still more Its evil companionship corrupts the manners of decent adjectives, whose value he borrows to squander on mere sound. I wonder that such staid words as remarkable and characteristic will support such parasites. exceptional and extreme, once dignified beyond comparison, are past all hope, and have been flattered into a pitiful declension.

Even every, straight-laced little modifier, has got to aping the disbehavior, and tags such phrases as now and then with his vulgar attachment, as yokels wont to ridicule their mates on All Fools' Day. Almost excusable are the few that fail in the honest endeavor to carry their meanings safely, though they are delivered at the wrong places. Only is the most stupid of these, and is notorious by his

THE DECRESCENCE OF PURISM:

blunders, always turning up at the wrong end of the sentence. Healthy is also the type of many well-meaning adjectives that are fond of attempting to do the work of similar-sounding brothers, while others, like condign, fly wider of the mark and are forever charging into others' business, adding fatal confusion to the phrase.

Some adjectives disport themselves as adverbs, like women trying to be men. The verb to look has led many of them astray, but like is the very Mrs. Bloomer of their set, all but unsexed by misuse.

But there is a still more wanton crew with all significance dissipated by abandon, their proud names smirched and their manners debased by vicious indulgence. Such are awful, elegant, and the rest, now common as the Paris road; and nice and pretty will be with them soon also, if they remain as spendthrift.

Many of our adjectives, immigrant to the New World of Letters, have renounced allegiance to the old forms, and are now naturalized citizens, adopting the customs of their environs. Smart & Cunning are already fairly well-to-do and respectable in their American establishment, and have almost forgotten their British antecedents.

And knocking patiently at the door of respectability is a horde of unregenerate upstarts—tatterdemalion and fantastic importations from the world of Slang. Some enter and recruit the language with vigorous and adjuvant blood, but most are here to-day and off to-morrow, coming out of Nowhere, and tramping it back to the same foreign seaport.

But aloof even from such shabby gentility as has been remarked—dwellers in the very purlieus of Rhetoric, hang a caste prescribed; unmentioned by lips polite, walkers of the street since Shakespeare's time—the devil's superlatives. But the new *régime* has come, oaths have lost their meaning in the dawn of reason, old shackles are unsprung, and the d— may come by his rights at last!

RONDEL OF PERFECT FRIENDSHIP:



RIEND of my soul, forever true,

What do we care for flying years,

Unburdened all by doubes or fears;

Trusting what naught can e'er subdue?

Fate leads! Her path is out of view;

Nor time nor distance interferes.

Friend of my soul, forever true,

What do we care for flying years?

For, planted when the world was new
In other lives, in other spheres,
Our love to-day a bud appears,—
Not yet the blossom's perfect hue,
Friend of my soul, forever true!

"NOW, WHAT IS THE SHORTEST POSSI-BLE TIME?" SAID VIVETTE:

ITH my wonted impetuosity, I had just time to dash breathless into the elevator cage as the door snapped. I am ready enough for an adventure at any time, but Romance had me by the ear that day, and pitched me flat into the

very climax of my life; for, as I brushed in, my sleeve-link caught in someone's gown, and tied us together. Turning to apologize and release myself, I looked up and caught her fair in the eye. She was smiling, but when she saw me her face burned up as red as fire, and she trembled visibly.

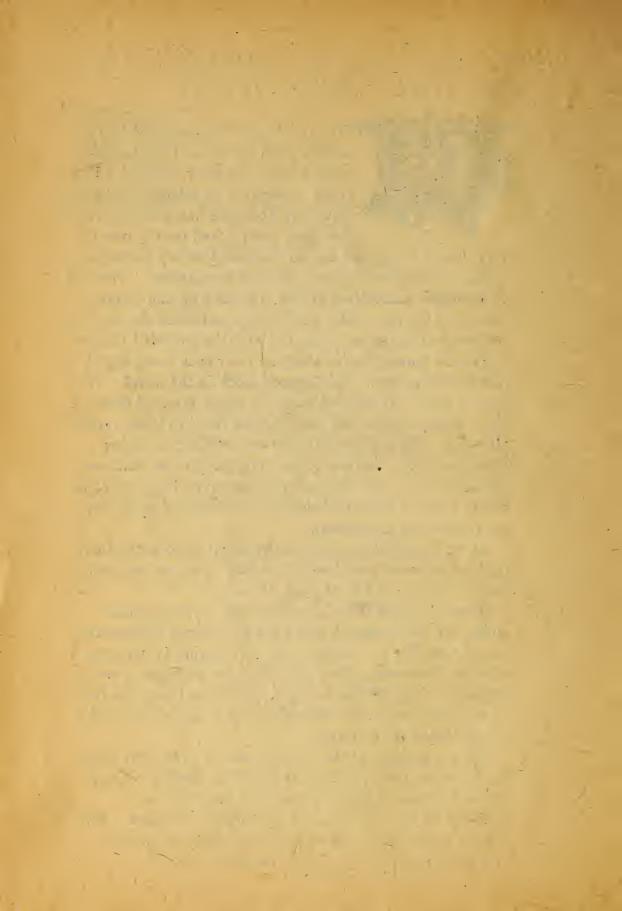
The car sprang up the shaft, and our eyes clung together like drowning men. We seemed alone in the world. As the car rose, and stopped, and rose again, my soul flickered like a dying candle, and then seemed lifted to indescribable altitudes. My brain reeled with the exhiliration of her presence, like a drunken giant. The glory of her unknown, well-known face, the absolute satisfaction of her being, the surety that her heart understood and answered mine, kept me trepid with excitement.

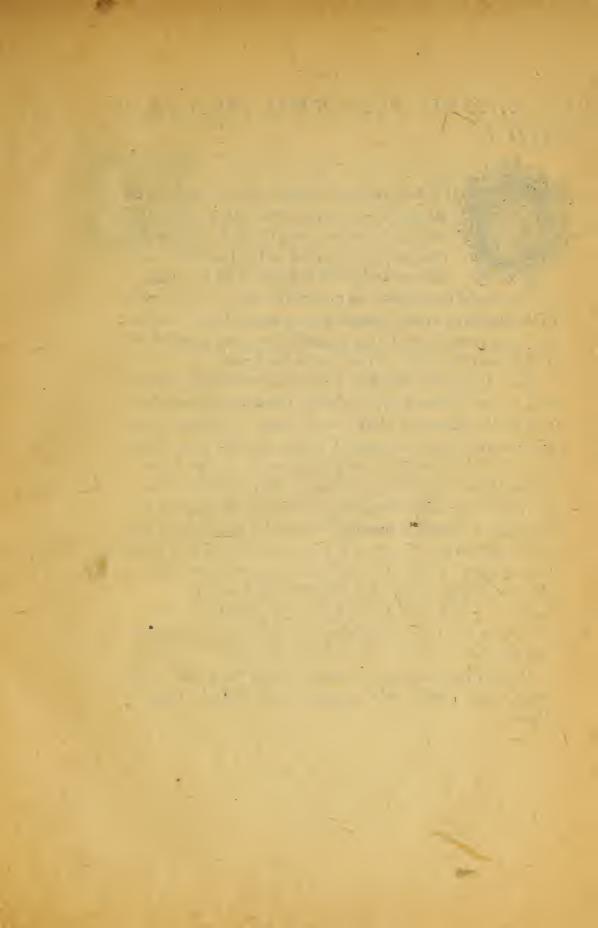
As we ascended, seconds had revealed us to each other; in the minute we were lovers; a whole existence was being lived. Years could have done no more.

When the glow died out of her face, leaving it rose-white, my mind cleared, and I felt the strange self-control of one who flies in a dream; and still gazing in her eyes, I saw her the woman of ten thousand, the goddess of my Destiny. Yet, with the thought, the fear of losing the hope of my life arose in mc like a phantom. Could it all end—a love that seemed eternal?

The car stopped at the eleventh story. The boy, wondering at our delay, called out the floor; then, grinning, stepped outside to pick a paper from the corridor.

While we were still chained by each other's gaze, a swift resolve knifed me: I leaned to her and shot the question, and her whispered "Yes" flew back like an echo.





"THIS LASTED JUST TWO MINUTES," SAID I:

HE boy stepped back, slammed the gate, and started the car downward with an oath. Passengers hailed us and crowded in, a jostling company, yet remote as the horizon. So the car sank, and stopped, and fell again,

and we stood motionless, as one might stand in the center of the universe while Creation swung around him. At last the cage swept down to the ground floor, and stopped with a sickening lurch that threw her to her knees.

As I stooped to raise her I heard an inarticulate moan, and on the instant glancing down, I saw at my feet what sent the blackness of Hell into my soul. God knows my mind never faltered, though I dared not look at her face; the only noble path lay straight before me. Yet, Love against Honor battled within me,—the one like a beast tearing at my heart, dragging me back to the heaven at her side, the other counseling my nobler self to spare her in this horrid hour, even at the sacrifice of all I had miracuously won. I have the quicksilver temperament, and all the chivalry of my nature bade me gallantly refrain. I would have died for her sake, could I not do even this, and toss the jewel of my hopes aside, to spare her shame?

Haggard and icy-cold, I stepped over the sixteen ivory relics of her smile, and flung myself out into the street, alone.

THE DEBATABLE GROUND:



CANNOT draw a map of Love, and show

The ins and outs of all that boundary line

Where Friendship ends and Love begins;

ah, no!

The art's not mine.

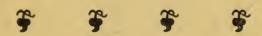
For there no lofty mountain range divides;

No moated wall, nor separating doors;

No river flows between, whose opposite sides

Are foreign shores.

I do not know but wandering rashly out
Into that charméd dangerous frontier
I may have crossed Love's outposts there, without
A touch of fear!



Some day, perhaps, you'll push the chase too far
Within those hills, O, rash and reckless youth,

And see the enemy surround you! Ah,

What then, for sooth?

So τ, · Wattu



HE CONTENTS OF THE PURPLE

COW; A BOOK OF VAGARIES,

BY GELETT BURGESS, RE
PRINTED FROM THE LARK:

ONCE THERE WAS A GIANT HORSE, THAT WALKED THROUGH ALL THE TOWN, A-STEPPING INTO ALL THE ROOFS, AND SMASHING HOUSES DOWN!

MY FEET THEY HAUL ME'ROUND THE HOUSE; THEY HOIST ME UP THE STAIRS; I ONLY HAVE TO STEER THEM AND THEY RIDE ME EVERYWHERES.

I'D NEVER DARE TO WALK ACROSS A BRIDGE I COULD NOT SEE, FOR QUITE AFRAID OF FALLING OFF I FEAR THAT I SHOULD BE!

THERE IS A THEORY SOME DENY, THAT LAMP POSTS ONCE WERE THREE FOOT HIGH.

AND A LITTLE BOY WAS TERRIBLE STRONG, AND HE STRETCHED 'EM OUT TO 'LEVEN FOOT LONG!

I NEVER SAW A PURPLE COW, I NEVER HOPE TO SEE ONE; BUT I CAN TELL YOU, ANYHOW, I'D RATHER SEE THAN BE ONE!

I'D RATHER HAVE FINGERS THAN TOES; I'D RATHER HAVE EARS THAN A NOSE;

AND AS FOR MY HAIR, I 'M GLAD IT 'S ALL THERE; I 'LL BE AWFULLY SAD WHEN IT GOES!

MY HOUSE IS MADE OF GRAHAM BREAD, EXCEPT THE CEILING 'S MADE OF WHITE;

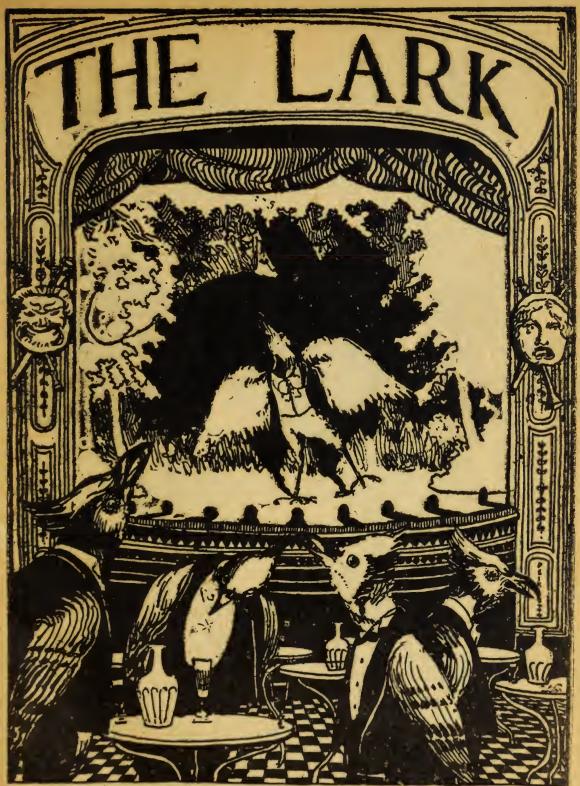
OF ANGEL CAKE I MAKE MY BED; I EAT MY PILLOW EVERY NIGHT.

TO THESE,

A LEGEND, RARE AND SUPERFINE, CRIBBED, SOME WILL SAY, FROM FRANKENSTEIN, (IT IS A LITTLE IN THAT LINE).



ILLIAM DOXEY, PUBLISHER, 631
MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA: PRICE, 25 CTS.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED: :::



"WHAT, IS THE JAY MORE PRECIOUS THAN THE LARK BECAUSE HIS FEATHERS ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL ?"

Taming of the Shrow, 14. 3.

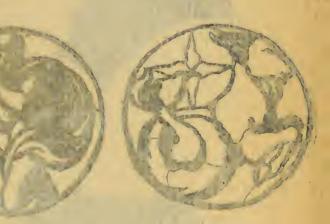
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GELETT BURGESS, EDITOR, 508 SUTTER ST., S. F.

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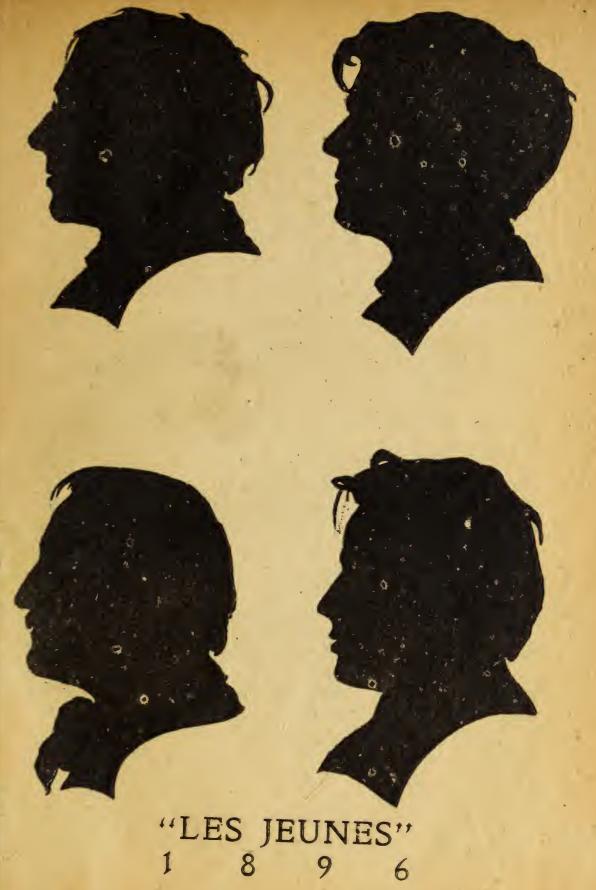
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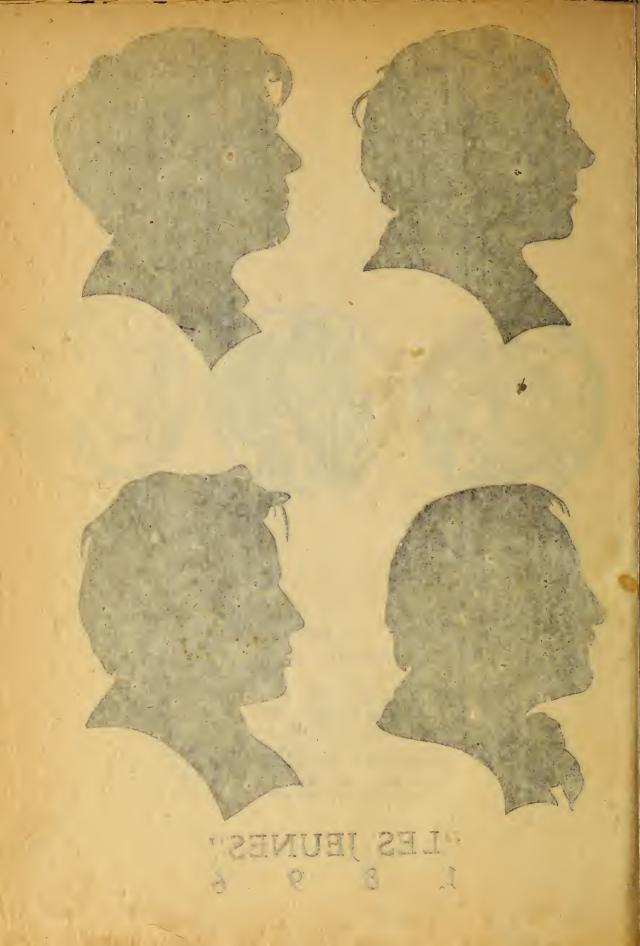
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ON REPURNING

of an about the man and a second seco

ON RETURNING,

O gain the sense of the huge energy of Nature, of man's pigmy effort to control and direct that energy to the end that he may be clothed and fed, is to become sobered.

We drop from the town life into the quiet of out-of-doors—heated, inebriated, with the prolixity of what we call our "interests"; and we face again the solemn panorama of hills and fields, and the cool, far sky of January. We stand at gaze, like children in the dawn. Here lies the earth in giant repose, the year's work done with, and—serene, unconcerned—waiting again the adventure of the storms—the run of the torrent and the buffet of the wind.

* * * * * * * *

What have we set our wits to, that we have forgotten? and the heart within us — has it lost its power to cry out its desire? For here is the Earth, our Mother,—here are our brothers, at work in her fields,—and we have set ourselves the smaller tasks of art, willfully denying ourselves the larger sympathies of life and all that we may lackheartedly entertain the world with our marionette reproductions of its manners! We walk the narrow alleys of art; we keep within the trimmed borders; we hold fearfully, to the flats of mediocrity, and the open grows to be filled with naked terrors for us — the naked terrors of truth! And at what sickness of mind (coming in spasms of intellectual nausea), at what cost of heart (so soon wasted by disuse), do we play our parts in this commedietta! How willfully do we concern ourselves with the momentary impression; how laboriously render the small hot episode while out there is the great mystery, the nobler inspiration the heights, to which our wits alone cannot carry us, - our hearts must sound the trumpet call!

What is vital for us in the art of the past touches the great elements, and in these forever is to be found the chord to which the heart of man shall respond. The

I DEDICATE THIS TO YOU, A. A.

primitive largeness of life remains, and the serious end of art is to render this through the drama of the universal passions and desires — the pain and mystery of Birth the sorrow and mystery of Death; and that space of Life between — so crowded with color and interests — the joy of Love; the delight of labor in the sun; the despair in the failure of the seasons, and the comfort of the song from the full heart; the small sweetnesses in the round of work the rest at noon-time — the new apple between the teeth, the scent of the willows in the dusk, and the touch of the shoulder to the shoulder of friends. These are the elemental sensations and pleasures, and, keeping ourselves fresh for these, as men, we shall know the wonder and the glory of the earth, and with humble hands shall render something of it in our art.

* * * * * *

And forever, under the light of sun and stars, the rains fall, the winds blow, and "the Earth makes all sweet."



I DEDICATE THIS TO YOU, A. A.

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THE NIGHTINGALES' NINTH DINNER:

HE ninth monthly dinner of the Nightingales was well under way. The Editor had welcomed his staff, and in a few dry phrases (likening the Nightingale to a flashing, but short-lived meteorite amid the ephemeroids, whose orbit had approached dangerously near the planets of the literary system), opened the discussion on the program for Number Nine.

"I am out of this, if they persist in taking the Nightingale seriously," began the romantic Blackworth,
"And I, if they don't," replied Charley King, the
moralist, "Why pour out all your noblest sentiments
when people only insist on discovering jokes in them?"
"But no one that I have heard of ever caught that
delicious double entendre in my last article," said James
Marion, Jr., sadly. He had just been elected editor of the
Petit Journal des Refusées, and was quite morose.
"Yet I have seen our readers turning my best drawings
upside down to see if there was n't some concealed subtlety
in them," the Art Manager said, pathetically.

"We should be satisfied if one person in ten understands us," interrupted the officious Editor; "it is a settled policy, and you have all agreed." "Yes," remarked Tinkling, the Rhymester; "but the question is, which tenth is it that appreciates?" "That should be evident from the manuscript-writers," replied Pullman, whose outrageous fantasy had been the feature of the last Nightingale. "They have all been rejected," said the Editor, gloomily; "none but women have as yet favored us." "That's just it! You can't go to clever people and ask them to contribute for mere glory," asserted the Art Manager. "And if they did, you would be disappointed;—how could a professional write anything for the Nightingale?" said Colt, a one-page writer.

And the Nightingales departed with a trace of melancholy. But it did n't much matter, — it had happened before; and, after all, there had been only two men present.

THE REGULATION OF DEPORTMENT:

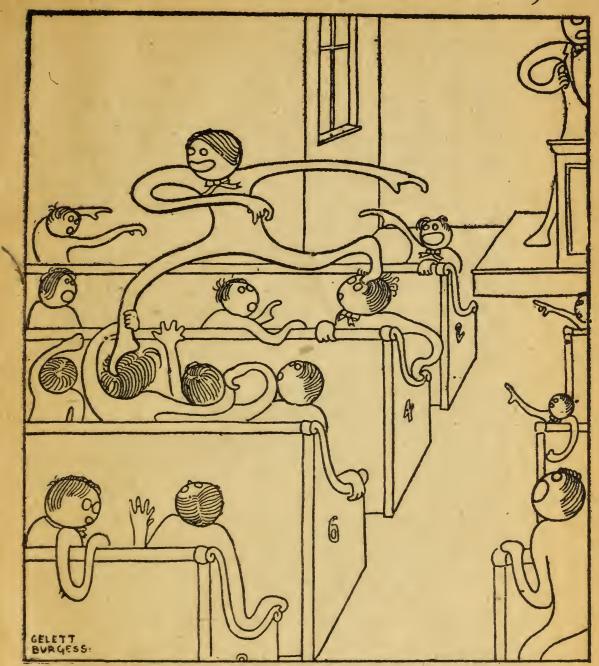
HAT poet would not know the truthful tenor of the public mind-the free untrammeled judgment of the ones who read, not those who write? What artist would not care for frank and honest criticism of his brother men, instead of prving in the cynic pages of the paid-for press? What simple, plain and modest citizen but longs to know what voices speak behind him as he passes on the street, what figure in the public eye he cuts; and what ambitious youth but wonders to himself the color of his praise and blame, the true effect of words and dress? What debutante in launching forth her lovely craft on social seas but feels the looks she cannot read, and in the buzz of whispers hears her name, all ignorant of the adjectives applied? What new-betrothed that introduces to his smiling friends the maiden of his choice but fears to guess what lies beneath the gilded words; her social standing set, her face and talents nicely gauged, and he of all deceived and ignorant? Subscribe to the Lark's

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Confidential agents in every large city will investigate any desired phase of your life, converse frankly and fully with your friends, and report at length with anonymous quotations. Voluntary opinions carefully collected and classified. Favorable comments reported to those desiring encouragement, and harsher criticisms to those of morbid conscience. Both kinds forwarded if desired. Clipping Bureaus and Commercial Agencies are but partially discriminating evidences. Get the whole truth. All communications mailed in plain sealed envelope.

Terms, \$5.00 for 100 quotations, payable in advance. Address, stating character of investigation desired, to The Lark's Mutual Advice Association, San Francisco.

I love to go to Lectures, And make the Audience stare,



By walking 'round upon their heads, And spoiling People's hair!

IT IS THE LUXURIES THAT ARE NECESSARY," SAID VIVETTE:

WAS once rich, and was bred to a taste few acquire in after life, having that perfect sense of the relative importance of trifles that birthmarks the lady. But my father's fortune was ambuscaded on the Exchange, and before he could reinforce, we were cut off without quarter. There was nothing for it but to earn my own living; and at an art store, where I had spent appalling sums, I drew a slight interest on my past generosity in the degrading position of bookkeeper.

It is a harsh fall from possession to poverty, and I, who had been keenly swayed by the tension of things that were my own, felt a continuous tide of envy scour my veins in sight and touch of the treasures at my hand. There was little enjoyment for me in their presence. I regarded them as a Kimberly slave might a new-found diamond, they were not mine, - and their beauties but vexed my spirit. The pictures were for the greater part bought by the newly rich, and as I charged them up, I could imagine the environment to which they were doomed. which I approved I relinquished with a cynical farewell, and the others (and there were many, for we catered to all castes) I slapped unconscionably upon their faces, and bade them good riddance. My employer stood in some fear of my discrimination, and I was at times unwillingly forced into the shop to advise some favored customer; and occasionally I made dignified visits to their homes, and assisted at the hanging.

Such delicate nerves as mine could not long endure such a life; the situation chafed me, and I determined to free myself at any cost. I had at first some obscure thought of forging signatures to etchings, and by buying them naked, and selling so adorned, to eke my wages; but I was unsatisfied with the temporary respites such hazards would afford, and I set my mind to work. At about this time I happened upon an invitation to the Burglars' Ball,

"NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW," SAID I:

and in a wink, I caught sight of the avenue of escape, so casting aside my pride, I resolved to attend the function, and prepared myself to appear as charming as I might.

It was a fortunate enterprise, and I have never regretted my part in it; yet the story of my wooing must go without the telling, since my heart followed my wits, for I am too much the gentlewoman to discuss my own love affairs with the snameless verisimilitude shown by some of my sex. My lover was bold and accomplished, the soul of honor among his profession, and handsome as the Man with the Glove. He had the feeling of the artist, with the skill of the craftsman, and took a degree of pride in his calling that made him exceedingly popular among his patients.

In bearing and conversation Leopold was nicely fitted to deserve my favors. He was strict in regard to dress for evening visits on his clients, and always left his card in the hall on departing, no matter what pressing urgency might excuse a neglect of the formality. In all respects, he seemed au fait; yet I must confess upon the first night of his operations after our honeymoon, I was somewhat nervous. I sat in bed, pretending to read, but anxiously eyeing the clock, and wondering what he would bring as the first offering to his little wife. I tried to imagine him pausing to decide, selecting at last some elegant bijou, and hastening back to gayly present the token, with some audacious compliment studied beneath the stars.

But alas, though I was not deceived in his kind heart, his taste was of a meaner sort, and as I kissed him affectionately on his return, I saw that I must begin at the beginning with him and teach him all. They were Lakeside spoons, of the crane-and-pagoda pattern, and I silently brought out the melting-pot and set it on the fire. He was brave, he took it beautifully; and we had a little quiet talk, in which I laid the foundations of his education.

Queerly enough I had that day overheard a very

"THE GODS GIVE NUTS TO THOSE THAT HAVE NO TEETH," SAID VIVETTE:

amusing conversation at a jewelers that Leopold's unfortunate selection brought humorously to my mind. It was between a violent old lady with a purple veil, who wished to return some lovely old Queen Anne spoons, because they were not marked STERLING, and a salesman, who finally induced her to keep them. Now I had known her of old, in my picture hanging days, and I drew a little plan of her house on the back of an envelope for Leopold. "Why, if you care for such things, you shall have them, my dear," he replied gallantly; and he kept his word before sunrise.

Well, time passed, and under such tutelage my husband became a connoisseur. One of my hobbies was old china; and knowing pretty well what families would be likely to possess the desired specimens, I would drive around their way of a Sunday afternoon with Leopold, and point out the houses, whose gems he would next day bring back in a little padded portmanteau of my own manufacture. Our rooms became gradually furnished in the most perfect taste, with rare old pieces of antique furniture, exquisite laces, bibelots, and paintings of every description.

Having so much, I must needs long for the moon at last and having heard of a Corot that had been purchased abroad by one of my whilom patrons, I was out of my head to get it for my collection. For the first time, however, my husband refused my wish. The undertaking, he said, was too hazardous for the whim; the picture was well known and heavily insured, and, at news of its loss, the town would get too hot for us. I cajoled him with every wile I could bring to bear, but he was firm.

I burst into tears at this brutality, at which he softened, and after a bit, agreed to compromise the matter by permitting me to visit the house, and, at least, see the masterpiece. With what trepidation I set out, I leave you to imagine. I became conscious of an alarm for my own safety that it had never crossed my mind to feel for

"THEN THEY SHOULD GET FALSE ONES," SAID I:

Leopold. My husband smiled at my fears, and, with a little more braggadocio than I thought necessary, opened the house for my inspection. We made our way to the library (so-called), and Leopold turned the rays of his lantern (a gift of mine, made from a Louis XIV. chiseled silver sword-hilt) upon the Corot. I gave a little gasp of contentment, and sat down to enjoy its beauties, while my husband proceeded with his work. The room was filled with a marvelous selection of ornaments; there was scarce space to turn about in, and, surrounding the Corot in its preposterous frame, were Cupids and Psyches, Springtimes of Love, Grandfather's Darlings, painted photographs and the full regalia of the Artistic Home. The Shearaton chair in which I sat was richly upholstered in little triangular wads, and ornamented with a heavy woolen fringe; there were wonderful Cloisonné mustache cups in glass cases, and the apartment, in the fantastic light, was an equine dream.

With a languid delight I watched my husband as he flitted to and fro among the shadows. How beautifully he burgled! How subtle the play of his slim fingers, and the absolute precision of his movement! I saw that I had never before seen him at his best, and all the resentment I had felt at our difference fled from me, and love resumed full sway again.

That night was the beginning of a series of nocturnal excursions that filled my life with new interests. My husband's genius, coupled with my tact and adaptability, carried us through the most remarkable adventures. I chaperoned his visits to ladies' apartments, and calmed the fears of those who awakened by polite compliments. We were received everywhere, but in our own especial set were acknowledged leaders. We entertained gay, though silent, companies, at select lunches in the most aristocratic homes, and our fame bulged in the quarter.

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The list fruit of my endeavors was the acquisition of a copy of Moster's Spendium, one of the ten as I thought, an exactence. I removed it from its binding, and substituted a block of wood between the covers, where it remained dusty and undistanted in its glass case, until I corcevered my find was but an investion, effer all, when I cors dentiously returned it to its ignorant owner.

This experience included a wider field of operation, and my thoughts died continually on he Coro, an let last, I bro ched my scheme to Leopold. Together we revisited the home, and, as good fortune would have it, found the place deserved, and the furniture and place covered with overals of blue denim. The printing was removed, and we rad of in barte, stopping in tester tabler afternatu in orts, to picat over the help of our or. The family, we lound, were ar ay for a month, and, in that time, I set row if to copy the pieur. ... my husband suggest d phongraphy, but I spormal, uch astinds, and the diss well as I could the outlines, and had it drawn in, in a single evening. The color of was more cillimit; but I was bold or Cenergy is; and nough we were much a unsed a the usult, I could not help being there was a certain whit in the time that work be about more satisfactory to as carer than the avginal. We were both a little n mous, intitie propie had cture it but as the days passed, and nothing appeared in the papers, and confidence inclused.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A BURGLAR'S WIFE.

There were in town few residences, however, of which I could approve, and the knowledge that priceless works of art should be cast into such jungles of poor taste, was a continual reproach to my susceptibilities. I began again to think meanly of Leopold's originality at hesitating to attempt the conquest of the gems I valued, and began, little by little, to supplement his work by careful study.

The first fruit of my endeavors was the acquisition of acopy of Koster's Speculum, one of the ten, as I thought, in existence. I removed it from its binding, and substituted a block of wood between the covers, where it remained dusty and undisturbed in its glass case, until I discovered my find was but an imitation, after all, when I conscientiously returned it to its ignorant owner.

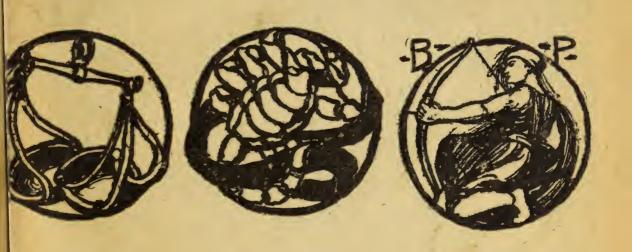
This experience indicated a wider field of operation, and my thoughts dwelt continually on the Corot, and at last, I broached my scheme to Leopold. Together we revisited the house, and, as good fortune would have it, found the place deserted, and the furniture and picture covered with overalls of blue denim. The painting was removed, and we made off in haste, stopping in ecstasy under alternate lamp-posts, to gloat over the chef d'œuvre. The family, we found, were away for a month, and, in that time, I set myself to copy the picture. My husband suggested photography, but I scorned such methods, and traced as well as I could the outlines, and had it drawn in, in a single evening. The coloring was more difficult; but I was bold and energetic; and though we were much amused at the result, I could not help feeling there was a certain spirit in the thing that would be much more satisfactory to its owner than the original. We were both a little nervous, until the people had returned; but as the days passed, and nothing appeared in the papers, our confidence increased.

So the town lay before us, ripe for the harvest, and we went through it with the confidence of children picking

CONCLUDED.

berries. My facility increased with practice, and I found a welcome remedy for the tedium of my idle days. With my poorer efforts I made bold to call upon their rich possessors in the guise of a rejuvenator of pictures, and by lime juice, varnish, and a hint that genuine Millets were always signed in the left-hand corner, I laid a confusion that would balk any future investigations.

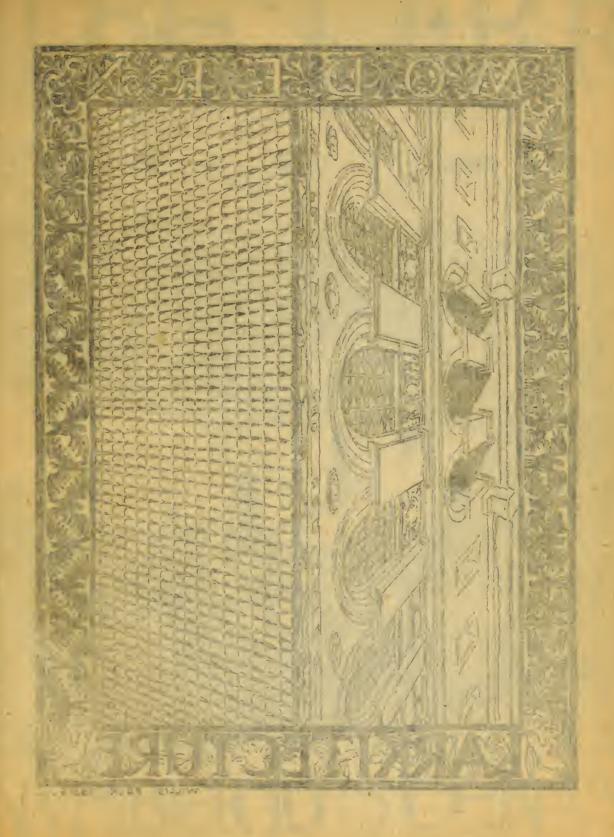
Yet the burglar's life is not a happy one, after all; and one evening we returned hilariously, hand in hand, Leopold with a new Mura and I with a wonderful Moffatt-Lindner, to find our rooms gutted to the last frame. To the infamy of a handsome young second-story man, of whom Leopold asserts I have been over fond, I lay the wreck of my lovely home, and whether I shall murder or marry him I must decide before the next chapter of this autobiography is written.

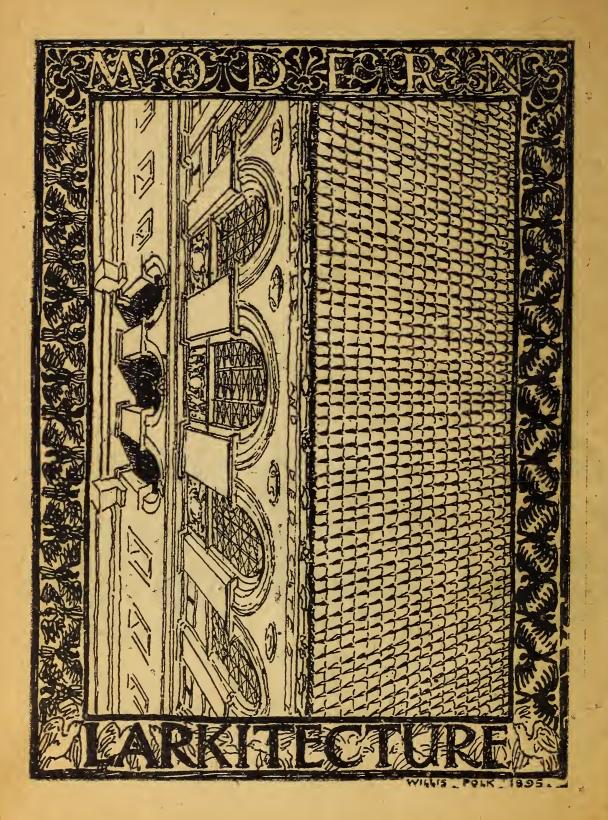


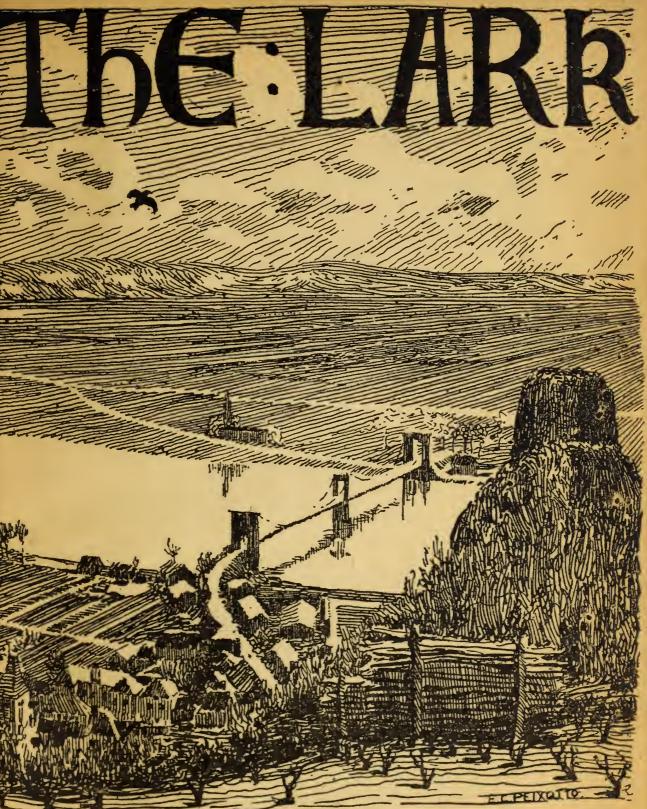
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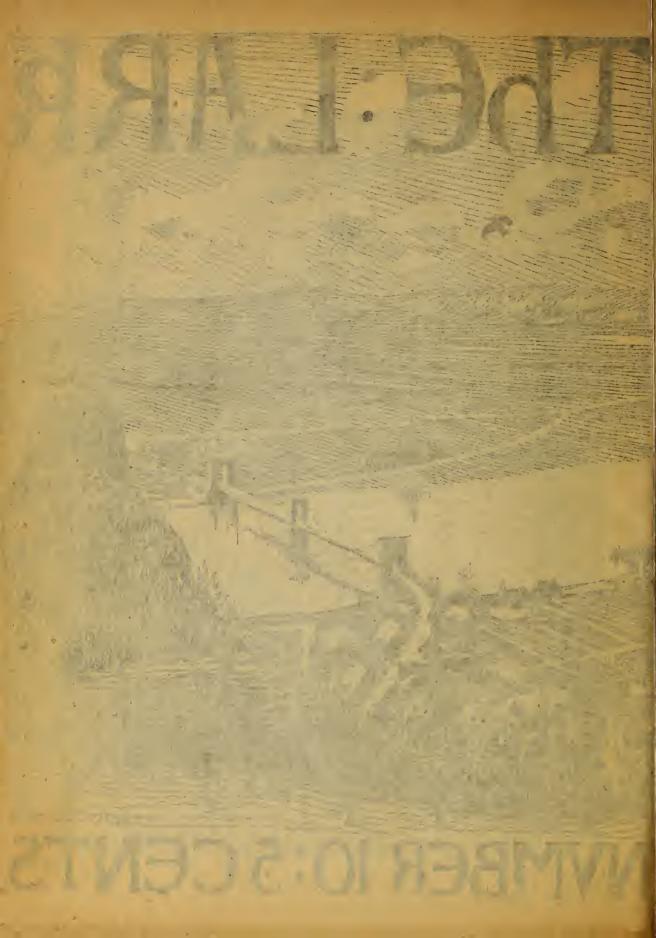








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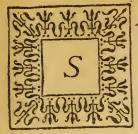
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TO VIRGINIA.



PRING and the daffodil again!

I heard the lark at dawn,

A liquid cadence through the rain

Across my lawn.

The wet, red roses all around

Stir in the breeze.

The first white trillium breaks th

The first white trillium breaks the ground Under the cañon trees.

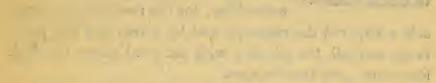
I bring the wild white flower of Spring,

Above all others thine—

As he whom with the gift I bring,

Thy Valentine!

This is the first of the first



THE RESERVE

"AND WHEN WAS ALL THIS?" SAID VIVETTE:



HEN Pan, departing, left the heavy duty on Mankind — that they should be gay, nor fear to laugh,—the world was young and boastful of its strength. The burden lay lightly on the country folk sporting on the green earth under the wide skies; for the reeds by the river-

side whispered the message, and by marsh and fen, past moor and hill, the tale flew with the wind across the dark forest and over the deep sea.

But, as the cities grew, and hived their human prisoners, men forgot to be gay. A maleficent sophistry barred out all memory of the gods, recusant and scornful, ensconced in newer creeds, this city-lore bred a race self-conscious, and swollen with an artful pride.

Now, after many years, the great god Pan awoke from his slumber on the sacred Hill, and, looking down upon the earth, beheld the world he had loved gone all astray, and men divorced from the happiness that was their rightful due. So, shaking sleep from his limbs, he arose and made his way toward the nearest town, that he might undeceive its dwellers, and teach them again their true manhood.

But, as he entered the narrow alleys of the city, there arose a great hubbub because of his appearance. The maidens pointed him jeeringly from the windows, and the very decent wives of the citizens screamed, "Out upon thee, naked goat-man!" and made great scandal of his shamelessness, so that the men fell upon him and beat him with sticks, and drave him outside the walls.

On the country-side, the simple husbandmen received him more kindly, for there still lived traditions of the god's goodness, and their flocks and fields increased in richness by virtue of his coming.

"FEBRUARY XIV, A.D. C.C.L.," SAID I.

So Pan, sorrowing over the hardness of the city folk, and seeing their numbers continually increase, building their houses where he had wonted to sport with his nymphs and saturs, his groves despoiled and his fountains polluted, returned to Olympus and aroused the gods, making great moan over the decadence of the sons of earth, that they had renounced him.

Then Jupiter, looking up, said "Behold, our altars are cold upon the earth now this many years, and the smoke of sacrifice rises no more! Why weary us with these trifles?" And he turned again and slept. And so said all the gods and demi-gods that were in that place, save only Cupid, who marveled that such things were so, and sorrowed with Pan over the slavery that had come upon men.

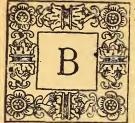
And Cupid said: "Now surely they will not admit me, a naked boy, into their city; but, that I may teach them to be gay, I will dress me in the guise of a holy priest, with a long beard and very white hair, and, being blind, Bacchus shall arise and lead me thither and we two shall tarry there for a time and do thy work till the world comes right again."

And so, disguised in this fashion, Cupid and the merry Bacchus made their way to the walls of the city, amid a great twittering of doves, who alone knew them. And the people welcomed Cupid as a holy saint, and Bacchus they welcomed also.

So the two bided for a while in the city, going to and fro among the youths and maidens, and teaching them Pan's doctrines, until men felt it was good to be alive, and were passing gay; even those in the cities felt this, and were glad together.

And the great god Pan, peering over the crest of Olympus, beheld his messengers passing among the children of men, and saw that the world for a time was safe; and, turning upon his side, he fell asleep again.

"IM FEBRUAR MUSS D'LERCH' AUF DIE ZAID'



ESIDE the Cathedral, and leaning cosily against its bulk, sheltered by the great wall of the choir, stood an ancient wooden house. Through the lozenge panes of the dormer window in the upper story projecting over the sidewalk,

one could peer down the curve of the narrow street as far as the bridge, or up to the draper's shop on the opposite corner, and watch the traffic that ebbed and fo ved along the pavement.

Within, there was a wholesome quiet and cleanness in the room, and a restful bareness of adornment that made the place seem meant for peaceful thought. An older eye would have noticed with grateful pleasure the harmony to which age had toned its aspect; the cream-white walls, the worn plank floor, the tiled fireplace, and the homely green bedstead with its faded patch counterpane. But the child had felt rather than studied the charm of the place; the room had welcomed him like a friend, and now, in the candlelight, a mist obscured his vision as he looked about.

For into the child's heart a sorrow had come, so like that Silence that had closed about him so many years ago, that he wondered in the dull pain of his sadness, if he could learn to bear this, too, and live without the love that death had forever stilled to him. His other loss seemed so slight beside this, so easy to bear — now that he had learned — that he thought he might endure even Darkness, too, if his mother were with him as before.

His maiden aunt had left him for the night, kissing him many times, as his mother used, and now he was alone again. As he undressed and prepared for sleep, he could see, through a small window high in the wall opposite the bed, the glimmer of lucent color as the great church began to be lighted for evening service, and he could vaguely trace the figure of St. Christopher bearing the infant Saviour through the stream.

MAG'S SEIN LIEB ODER LEID:"

But, as he lay in bed, and the passion of longing and despair swept through his soul, the gloom and silence were suddenly visited by a mysterious wave of sensation. The darkness seemed to breathe and bespeak him with strange cadences, pulsating through some inner sense unknown before. Impalpable nuances and shades of feeling rose within him in wonderful communion, intangible yet pregnant with sublime meaning, like shadows of ineffable thoughts.

Awed by this silent symphony, yet lulled and soothed with the perfect peace and beauty of its spell, the child gave himself to the empire of its vibrant harmonies. Now soft and shifting, with a subtle tone of yearning and unrest, now rising in tremulous aspiration, swelling into rhythmic chords that warmed his blood like fire, the message came and went, a divine monition.

Within the absolute stillness with which his life had been shrouded, this new-born sense awoke and thrilled through in him, clear as an intuition; and, as he fell asleep, it mingled with his dreams, and colored them with peace.

And so, night after night, unheard nor understood, but mysteriously translated by some sympathetic power the child could know, the great organ in the choir, vibrating and resonant, worked its heavenly miracle in the child's heart.

YCHYPDE bys Sanctuarie lockt,
My Harte longe lonsom lave,
Of thos who atte ve Portall knockkt
Alle turned unberd Awaye.
Alle thoughe no Keye coude ove ve Gate.

'Twas kepte wyth mickle Care
By Love who atte ye Threshold sate,
hys bounden Duetee ther toe wayte
Ye one who was ordeyned by Fate
Toe enter ther.

But growphse wery of ye Watche

Yt was hys Parte toe keepe,

Cove fixt an Arrowe ynne ye Dotche

And soon fell faste Aslepe.

Untoe ye Doore, obscurelye sette,

You chaunced toe come ther whyle,

And thoughe fulle stronge 't was bolted, yette

Yt opyned toe your Smyle.

Ye Warder wak't, alle slombre-eyed,

And maad a myshty Din

For that ye Doore was opyn wyde,

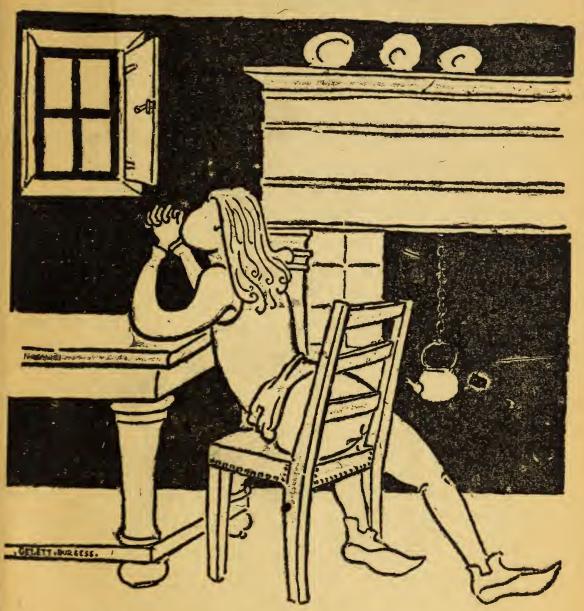
But whan he saw that, unaspyed,

You hadde ynne toe ye Prysoun pryed,

Cove lockt you ynne.

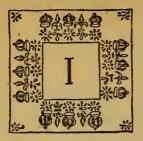


The Window has Four little Panes; But One have I;



The Window-Panes are in its Sash,—
I wonder Why!

AN UNFINISHED CHAPTER



STRUCK the beast, with his lips still foul with the lie—God knows I struck to kill the lie and not the liar; but when he sprawled back over the edge of the stage and dropped, there was a kind of joy in me for the finishing of him!

Then on the instant, rose the crowd—dogs that they were—and here was O' Hallihan running down the aisle velling "murder" and the mob behind lifting him like a cork on a tidal wave! The cry in their throats turned my heart to a stone in me, and I had but that look at them, struck blind as I was by the blow some devil leveled at me from the gallery. And then when I was thinking the end was come, I heard the voice of the girl calling, and her hand was in mine, and she had me out of it and into the passage that held the roar of the mob like a trumpet. bled through and out into the wide halls of the hotel through the café and into the back street-for she knew the way like a ferret, and had me into a cab and was shrilling the driver with orders. He was dull with the drink, and before I knew it her skirts slapped the glass and she was on the box beside him—reins in hand and driving like the devil in petticoats.

What a ride it was—by the flag!—with the vehicle skewing round the corners and scraping the paint off the cars of the Corporation—and me climbing out of the window and over the roof of the cab to the box—and the crowd waving their hats in the eyes of the horses, and the cops waving their billies from the curb—and we two—with the drunken brute balancing between us and very vile of speech at intervals!

We struck into the avenue at last, leaving the mob behind us like the cinders out of an engine—and with nothing to balk us but a head here and there out of a window—and we pounding on, with no word passing our throats but the curses of the proprietor of the equipage on the lot us.

FROM "THE ANARCHISTS":

I could see her face, cut fine against the faint light of the sky, fine as a Greek, with her bonnet gone, and the hair streaming back, the color of the banner striking out from it now and again, as we passed the street-lights. On out the avenue, and we were sweating up the hill to the Gate, at last! Then she turned her eyes on me. Irish eyes, with the fervor in them. "Love!" she cried low, "have they harmed you?" "And you love me?" I cried, in answer. "And you love me?" she said; "let this night's work be my confession, and say no more of it," and she leaned to me, and gave me her hand, and the reins out of them, for a reason!

But the panic of the fear was on us, and we pounded on, past the car-houses, over the tracks, and then into the dark; and there was the Gate, at last, and we strained for it; for beyond was safety, and the cover of the lupins on the dunes!

* * * *

We lay there all of that night, talking of what hopes were left to us, and what now we could do for the Cause, and tears came to her at last at the mention of that. All the pent passion of months now come to nothing — was turned to a wail.

When the dawn came, it was through the grey of sea-mists, and, shielded so, we beat back to the edges of the town, and so along the Front, to the ferry. The rest you know — (all that is to be known) — save that the old fire is in us still; only now, that we burn together, and — please God — we will some day fire the world!

A PRAYER TO ERATO:



USE immortal, Muse divine,

Teach me how to deck thy shrine;

Tell me how to best appease thee—

Show me what of mine will please thee!

Let me learn thy precepts truly,

So that I may follow duly.

If my prayers will not suffice,
Bid me bring a sacrifice—
Proof that I would serve thee—so
I may soon thy favor know.
Muse immortal, Muse of Song,
Chide if I have done thee wrong;
But if I should worthy seem,
Send thou me some mystic dream,
That I may, upon awaking,
Heal the heart that now is breaking.
O Erato, smile on me,
Take thy willing votary!
Muse immortal, Muse divine,
Teach me how to deck thy shrine!





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HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY,

PVRGATORY; OR, PARLOVR FOOTBALL.



HIS is a most Entertaining Diversion for a mixed Company, & should be held in a Commodious Mansion provided with large Parlours or a Double Salon in the French Style, the Furniture or Appointments whereof should be Vio-

lently Disorder'd & Transpos'd in such a Manner as to greatly obstruct any passage through the Apartment. VVet Feather-Dusters & Spunges are Likewise to be hung from the Ceiling at about the Hight of a Man's Head, and Sundry other Barriers & Obstacles should be deuys'd by the Ingenuity of the Host.

The Room having been Darken'd the Company is to be divided into Two Parties or Camps, which, Entering from opposite Endes of the Chamber must Make their Way as best they can in the Darkness, vnto the Further Door of the Purgatory. The Party that first Succeeds in this Enterprise & Collects its Members without the Lymits shall be Declar'd the Victorious Camp. The Crawling under Spinnets & ouer Tables, & thro' Stryngs & such Contrivances, & the Meeting of the Rival Factions in the Center of the Apartment affords a very Genteel Manner of Breaking vp the Formality or Constraint often observed at our Polite Gatherings.

TINTYPE WHIST.

This can be play'd as a Progressive Game, Fiue Persons being plac'd at each Table. One having been Chosen as Vmpire or Judge, the others are dealt Four Tin-Types or Photographs each, from a Collection Provided by the Host. These Pictures shall be classed in Suits in this wise;—Men; Women; Infants; Groups. The Fyrst Player shall turn vp the Trump, & so on as in Whyst, except that the Vglyest

IN THE WESTERN STYLE.

or most Ill-Fauoured Portrayt shall take the Tryck, the same being decyded by the Judge in case of Dyspute amongst the Players. If certain Photographs of Persons present be Mingled amydst the Others, the Merryment will be Hugely Increas'd.

PARLOVR SNOW-SHOES.

This game is much play'd in San Francisco, and is sure to excyte Loud Screams of Laughter amongst the Spectatators who are diuerted by the Antycks of the Victim. This one, having been chosen, is Blynd-Folded & plac'd in the Myddle of the Room, when Many Sheets of Sticky Fly-Paper are distributed in Diuers parts of the Floor, & the Person is requested to walk toward a lighted Candle. A styll more amusing Manner of playing this Game, is to remove the Shoes from the Person chosen, taking Care to Select one who shall have no Holes in hys Hose.

LITERARY CONSEQUENCES, OR BOOK REVIEWS.

This Game is much Affected by Those of Literary Inclinations & is a Variation or Adaption of the Ancient Game of Consequences. Each Member of the Party, being prouided with Pen & Paper wrytes the Name of some Book (which may be True or Ficktitious) upon the Top of his Sheet, & folding ouer the Same, hands it vnto his Neighbour, receiving One at the Same Tyme from Another. Vpon this, the Sub-Tytle is written & passed on as before, till in Turn is wryt on Different Leaues the Name of the Author, with the Tytles of his Former Works, a Description of the Bynding of the Book in a Jocose Stile & also its Price, together with the fancied Reuiews or Criticisms of the Same as let forth in divers Journals & News-Papers. The Hap-Hazard Arrangement of these Several Parts contrives an Aduertisement of Nearly as Drolle an Aspect as any to be found in our most Sedate & Solemn Publications.

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NEW BOOK

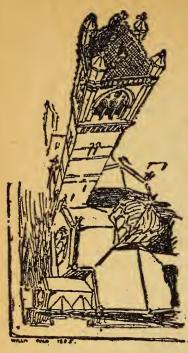
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NEW BOOK

L'ARKITECTVRE MODERNE:

BY WILLIS POLK

With Illustrations Extraordinary

THE EDITION WILL BE LIMITED TO THREE COPIES, PRINTED ON PALIMPSEST PARCHMENT, BOUND IN HALF-CHICKEN LEATHER, CRUSHED MOUSE-SKIN, OR IRISH BULL, CANNONED (BY HAND) IN WONDERFUL DESIGNS:

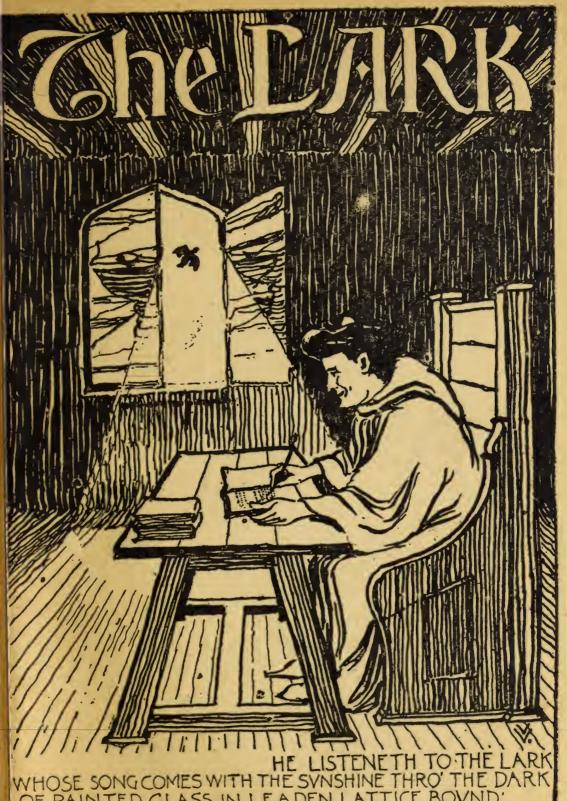
THIS SUPERB WORK WILL BE AUCTIONED BY MAIL AND SOLD TO THE THREE HIGHEST OFFERS. .. SEALED BIDS WILL BE OPENED MAY 1, 1 8 9 6

The writers of THE LARK appear to have taken seriously the title of "Les Jeunes," which the Times conferred upon them last May. What we intended to say was "les Jaunes," apropos of their Chinese paper. But surely "L'Arkitecture Moderne" justifies the former spelling."—New York Times.

"THE LARK has so far preserved its mental balance, perched between the sublime and the ridiculous, but "les Jeunes," as they have been named by the New York Times, have taken a fearful risk in publishing "L'Arkitecture Moderne."—Boston Evening Journal. ?

"That one can fool all the people some of the time was well proven in the first numbers of The Lark, and its miraculous survival as clearly demonstrates the fact that one may fool some of the people all the time. But the audacious attempt made by its publishers in the "Petit Journal des Refusées," and now in "L'Arkitecture Moderne," to fool all the people all the time, will surely shipwreck "les Jeunes," none of whom, by the way, are under fifty."—The Chap-Book.

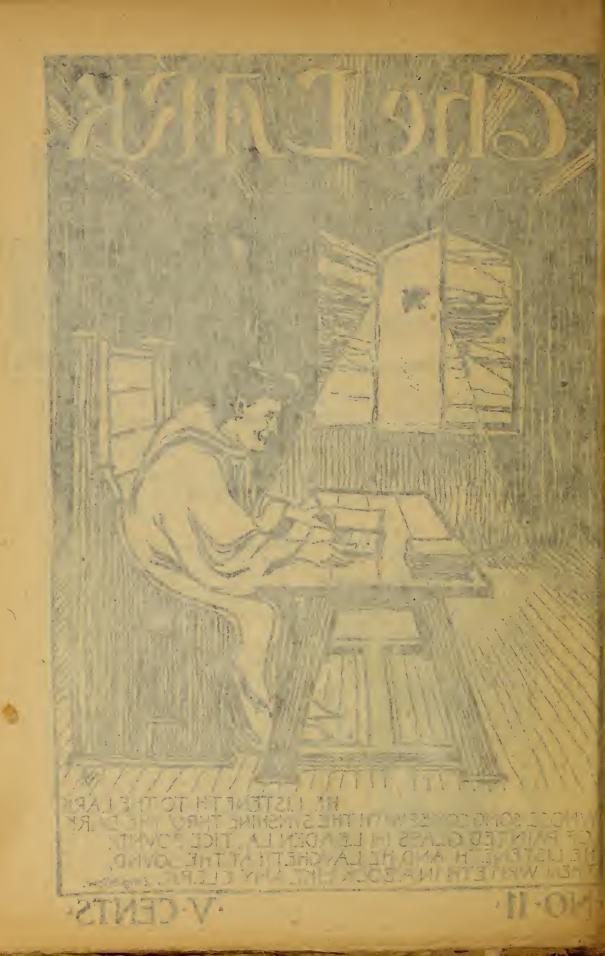




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NUMBER II

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH FIRST I 8 9 6 PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM DOXEY, 631 MARKET ST. ISSUED MONTHLY. SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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HIGH WIND AT NIGHT:



HE wind is tearing through the town And beating all the gaslights down And slamming garden gates.

The little children in their beds, They hear it booming o'er their heads And shaking all the house.

The nursery hearth-brands, burning blue, Are drawn right up the chimney flue And all the sky is sparks!

And cats that have no fear of night, They stay beside the window light, And cower in the door.

The lonely watchman in the streets,

He calls to every one he meets,

And never gets reply;

His words are slapped back on his teeth,

He hasn't breath to track the thief

And houses will be robbed!

The wind may snatch what e'er he please; He baffs and breaks the garden trees, And no one dare say "stop!"

I wish that I was big and free
And then the wind would play with me;
And if my folks would let me be
I'd stay out doors all night!

HIGH WIND LI WEEKS



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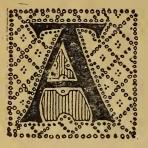
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THE DESERTED ISLAND



FRIEND of mine is curiously hampered by a limitation precluding him from association with any one conversant with the details of the manufacture of cold-drawn wire. That this self-imposed abstinence may indicate a most charming devotion to an ideal rarely

shown by the commonplace, is the subject of this thesis, and that, too, despite the fact that an indiscriminating extension of the same principle of my friend's policy would lead the radical to eschew the society of most of his acquaintances, as well as bar out the whole domain of didactic literature.

When the day is done, and that enticing hour is come for which some spend their waking hours in anticipation, to those that can appreciate, the curtain of the dark arises, and, within the theatre of the night is played strange comedies. To a select performance I invite all uninitiated, for I know but few who have enjoyed the drama of the Deserted Island—the perfect and satisfactory employment for the minutes that elapse after retiring, and before the anchor is weighed, and the voyage has begun upon the Sea of Dreams.

There are, undoubtedly, more than I am aware who are happy enough to maintain deserted islands of their own,—many more, perhaps, than would confess to the possession. To some, the history may be well under way; they have long since discovered their island, and many improvements have already been successfully completed. Others, more adventurous, handicapped by stricter limitations, and more meagre outfit, are still struggling with the primal demands of food and shelter. But to those whose imagination has never put so far out to sea, and would welcome this modest diversion, I would advise an expedition of discovery this very night.

AS A MENTAL TEST:

Authorities differ widely as to the allowable equipment for the occupancy of their sequestered territory. I, myself, hold that it is manifestly unfair to be provided with tools of any sort; to have a knife, now, I would call cheating; surely the only legitimate beginning is to be vomited upon the beach stark naked from the sea after some fearful shipwreck in midocean. Then, after years of occupancy, a man might taste the pride of his own resources, unfettered by any legacy inherited from civilization.

Settle this point as you may the conditions of the game once understood, the problems to be solved will be large enough for your ingenuity. The whole history of science is to be re-enacted.

I have a friend who arrived upon the scene in an open boat containing a keg of water, a crowbar, pruning knife, a red silk handkerchief and a woman's petticoat; and with these promiscuous accessories has in the course of years transformed the place, which now boasts a stone castle entirely habitable. His island is about two miles long and a half mile wide—much too narrow for comfort, I assert,—the proportions should be about five by three, with one dominant hill from which the whole territory can be surveyed.

My friend's first night was spent in a palm tree, from a groundless fear of wild animals, and the petticoat was subsequently fashioned into ropes, used principally to raise his home-made flag—an ill-contrived thing that never flew well anyhow.

But the owner of the other island, he of the cold-drawn wire, boldly asserts rights to a half dozen laborers—presumably natives,—and with this force at his disposal has done wonders with his fief. Glass has been manufactured, fabrics woven, ore smelted, and fine roads constructed, so that there now remains nothing to be desired but bicycles upon which he and his slaves may traverse the highways. But in vain his unskilled assistants look to him for

Authorities differ wid sy as to the allowable equipment for the evaponcy of their sequestered territory. I, my self, hold that it is manifestly unfair to be provided with tools of any sort; to have a knife, now, I would call cheating; surely the only legitimate beginning is to be verlited upon the freah stark naked from the sea after some furfal simpurical in midocean. Then, after years of companey, a man might taste the tride or his own resomees, unfertered by any legacy in critical from civilization.

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PRE-HYPNOTIC REVERIES,

advice—rack his wits as he may—he can devise no adequate system of making cold-drawn wire, and he is beginning to lose caste with his followers.

Now, at first sight, one might think it was only necessary for him to consult an encyclopædia, or visit some iron mills, yet this course is strictly barred out by the rules of the game, which compels one to use only such information as comes naturally to hand,—for one is likely to be cast ashore upon a deserted island at any time, and it is then too late for the research and education that has been before neglected. With any ingenious fellow who has his own amateur ideas on the subject, one may talk freely; such an one could indeed play the part of one of the most intelligent natives, but all that really know whereof they speak are to be avoided; and the problem of the cold-drawn wire is, I believe, still unsolved.

There are also many books, that are dangerous when used for reference. The *Crusoes* would so surfeit one with information that the game would be up. *Foul Play* is also taboo, and one must rest on what his youth has digested of its multitudinous recipes.

I know of one artist who, free on this enchanted spot, has naturally turned his energies to those diverting pursuits for which his studio leaves no time, and builds gigantic rock mosaics upon the cliffs, from the many-colored boulders on the beach. Luxuries are his only necessities, even in his daily life, and the enormity of his trifling on this holiday playground is a thing at which to wonder. His art, so used to a censorship of nature in his professional mimicries, goes here boldly forth, and so mends, prunes, and patches the aspect of his island, that the place is now, he says, absolutely perfect, a consummation not altogether discreditable to a nude, nearsighted man, whose eyeglasses were washed off before he arrived on the spot.

The possibility and the possibilities of a shipwreck à deux are not discussable in this brief memoir; they offer speculations too broad for these discreet pages, and are best left

APROPOS OF COLD-DRAWN WIRE.

to the exclusion of a private audience. I might point out, however, as the chiefest desideratum, the salvation of the sense of humor—that solvent of so many of our miseries, curiously dependent for development upon social relations, for one would doubtless take himself rather seriously, in absolute solitude, and would soon forget to laugh.

But choose your company carefully, I entreat you, if you are not soberly minded to be shipwrecked alone. I know of people with whom if I were cast ashore, there could be no end not tragic, albeit these are highly respectable and praiseworthy individuals, who never did me harm except in that trick of manner by which we recognize the bore. I am often inclined to test others' merit by permitting them a short visit on my island, but the hazard is too great, and the thought of the possibility of their footprints upon the sand unnerves me.

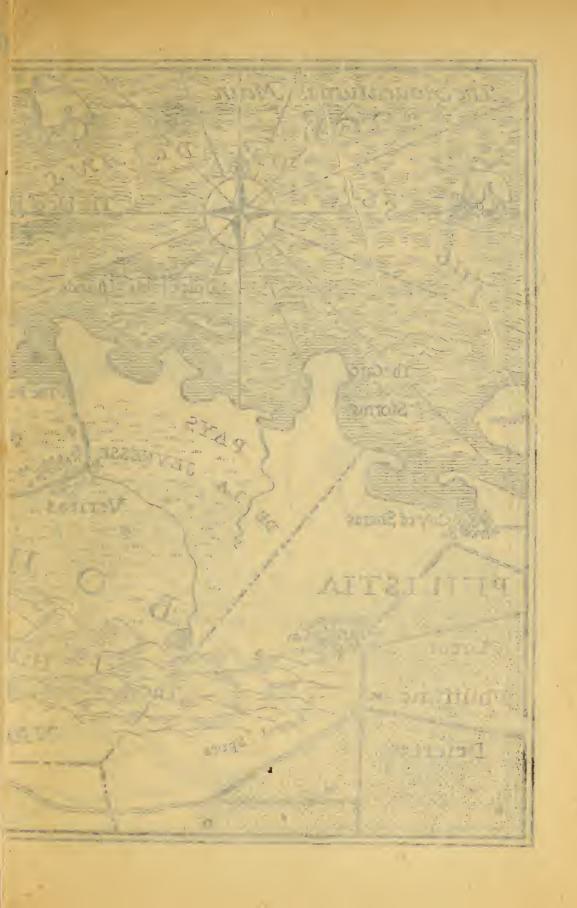
Yet, to a distant member of this fantastic archipelago, I seriously consider consigning certain impossible acquaintances, absolutely intolerable personalities, whose probable fate, forced to endure each other's society, interests me beyond words. Upon one side of this far-away retreat rises a steep cliff, overhanging the sea, and here, I behold in imagination one after another of these marooned unfortunates pushed headlong over the slope, as, unable to support the society of his companions each has in turn, by some strategem, lured his hated accomplice in misery to the summit of the bluff.

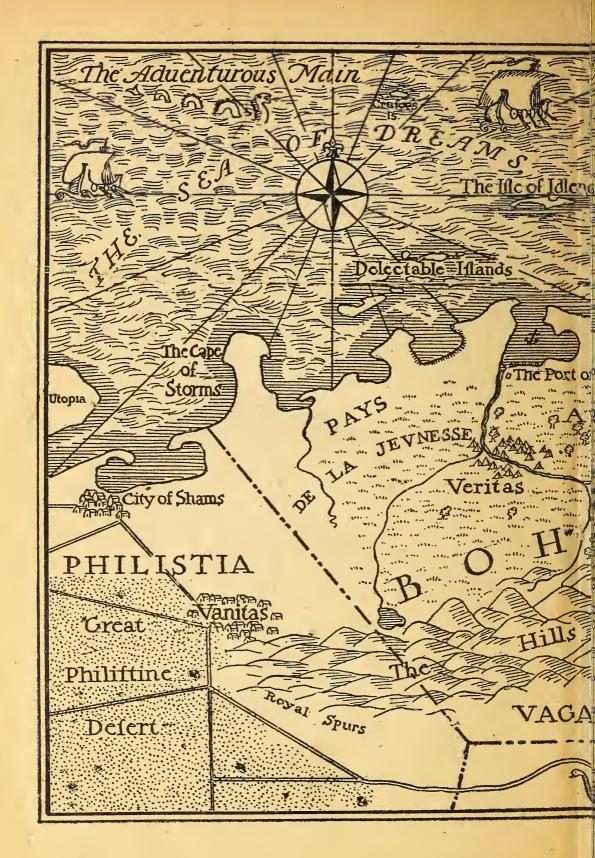
But of one island I have not yet spoken. I can get no description of it, save that it lies sleeping in the summer sun, washed by the sapphire tides and fanned by the cool south winds, its olive slopes rising softly from the beach, marked by a grove of fruit trees at the crest. More, the owner will not tell, for she says there is no use for a deserted island after it is charted; but by these signs I shall know the place, and my trees are felled and my sails are plaited that shall yet bear me over toward the southwest.

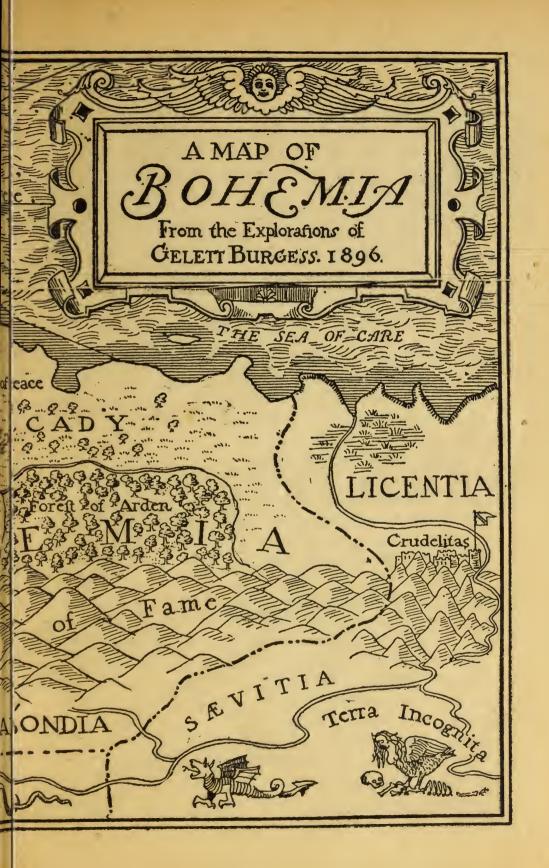
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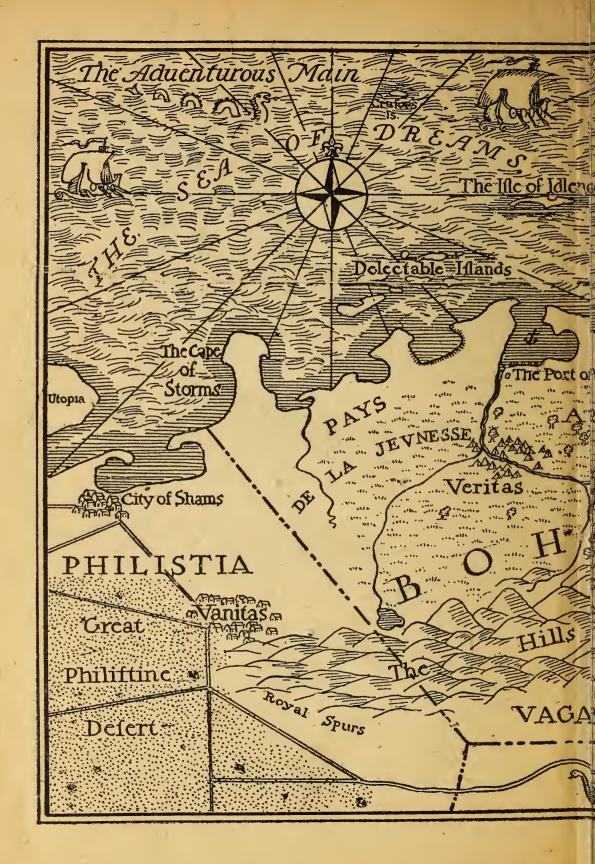
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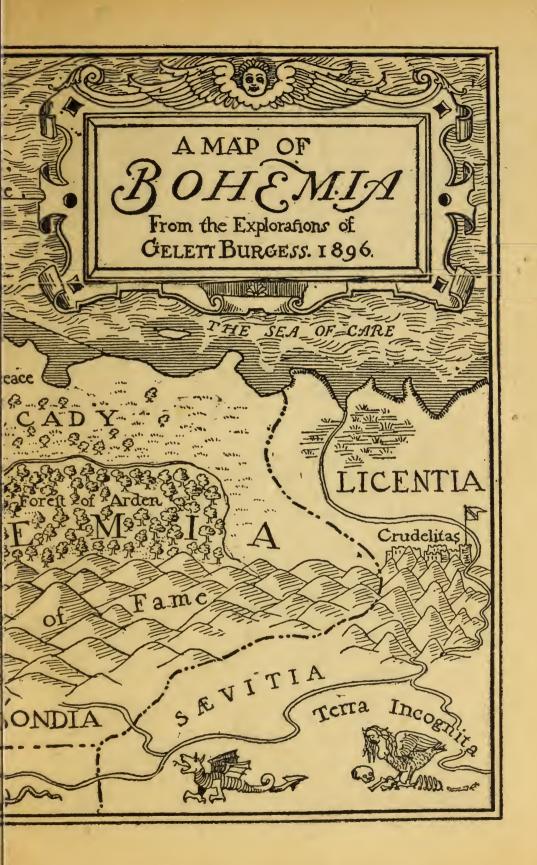
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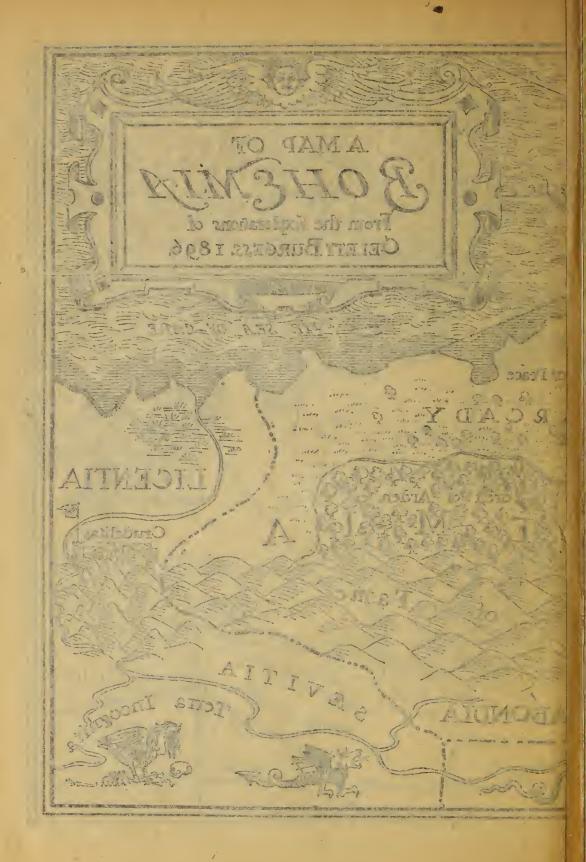












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CHANT-ROYAL OF ROMANCE THAT IS NOT DEAD:



OMANCE is dead, say some, and so to-day
Honor and Chivairy are faint and cold;
And now Adventure has no modern way
To stir our blood, as in the days of old.
They mourn the day of Chivalry as done,
Knighthood has seen the setting of its sun,

That fairy, nymph and genie, grown too shy,

No more in these new days hold revels high;

There lives no Mystery now, and they cry woe

To this old world, so twisted and awry.

Romance is dead, say some,—but I say no!

Haroun-al-Raschid, so the sceptics say,

Would seek in vain for sights his Book has told—

Crusoe could find no island far away

Enough, his life with glamour to enfold—

Ulysses now might rove, nor fear to run

The risk of perils Homer's fable spun;

And Hiawatha's white canoe would try

In vain to find some beach, whence to descry

The whitom hunting-grounds he would not know.

Gone are the Halcyon Days, they sadly sigh.

Romance is dead, say some,—but I say no!

Not while the ancient Sea casts up its spray
Upon the laughing beach, and I behold
The myriad twinkling ripples of the bay
Speed out to meet the sunset's robe of gold.
Not while a sail on that far horizon
Whispers of voyage ending or begun.
Not while the mountains lift unto the sky
Their secret fastnesses, and forests vie
With winds and mists, with sunshine and with snow,
And murmuring streams to rustling fields reply.
Romance is dead say some,—but I say no!

O LADY BROOKE, THE QUEEN OF BORNEO:

Not while the Night preserves her mystic sway,
And conjures in the haunted wood and wold
Her eerie shadows, fanciful and fey,
With priests of Darkness, pale and somber-stoled.
Not while upon the Sea of Dreams is won
Strange ventures, escapades and frolie fun,—
Where tricksy phantoms, whimsically sly,
Order your deeds, you know not how nor why,
Where Reason, Wit and Conscience drunken go.
Have you e'er dreamed, and still can question? Fie!
Romance is dead, say some,—but I say no!

Not while Youth lives, and Springtime bids be gay;
Not while Love blooms, and lovers dare be bold;
Not while a poet sings his roundelay,
And men by maidens' kisses are cajoled.
You have not seen her—or you, too, would shun
The thought that in this world Romance there's none,
For O, my Love, has power to beautify
My whole life long, and all its charm supply,—
My love, my youth, my dreams, to her I owe!
And so, ye scornful cynics, I deny;—
Romance is dead, say some,—but I say no!

ENVOY.

God, keep my youth and love alive, that I
May wonder at this world until I die;
Let sea and mountain speak to me, that so
Waking or sleeping, I may fight the lie;
Romance is dead, say some,—but I say no!

TO LADY PROOKE, THE JUBEN OF BORNEO:

Not while the Night proserves her mystic sway,
And conjures in the haunted wood and wold
Her ceric elegans, fame in erd fig.
With prices of Darkwess, fale and semier-staled.
Not while upon the Sea of Dreams is won
Strange vereners, escaptedes and from e f w,—
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[Part IV. Quantity and Accent.]

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he bough . .. i dramt, or this verraining serunning I saw all the people, who, fairs we are the O' embor restle (. h. or . buller De tragele, defigure, drair, mainle, and pure ar, A calluly as did the Venician branders, I gordelismi as a bid of Bar adoes. andnes eliminal, rain of some lover. Evan Hilan or Hodom, come to disayer The dids of Venion to complete and config-To tall the cast to what of hearts he native area. I work many series of the property of the עריר ניום רימולוים. פ כו ויפויי מוחונום of tentury in the confirmant reals when in the contract of the contract of the contract of The implicits, who were professed to fig. Harding of the front in the course of the man The man the state of the to the name Allesiana sto in a that are name stag in a sto, main's gra been arranged and a first or or ter to produce a first payable of a registry the many the second agree of the best of t was a complete property of the party of the party and To a state of the second secon And so I can all the contract with a serious tracks

EXTRACTS FROM ADVANCE SHEETS:

[Part IV. Quantity and Accent.]

RULE 783. The rhythm [cf. Part II. § 35. 1.] of a poem should determine the correct quantity and accent of the words used in the poem. [Cf. Part II. § 28. 14 (b),]

Obs. Words should be pronounced in accordance with the quantity of poetic feet [cf. Part I. 2 1. 1 (a).] employed in the rhythm.

Example:—

When he de camped they dis covered the deficit. (Not deficit.)

Exercise: - Scan the following:

Methought as I dreamt, on this very night sevennight I saw all the people, who, false to each tenet Of euphony, gentle Orthoëpy slaughter, Bedraggle, disfigure, draw, mangle, and quarter, As calmly as did the Venician bravadoes. In gondola swift as a bird of Barbadoes, Bifurcate the jugular vein of some lover. From Milan or Modena, come to discover If maids of Venitzia complaisance offer To mischievous Love when of hearts he makes proffer. Poor harassed proponent, so helplessly docile. Accept the condolence of every apostle Of Erato, who for your canons would wrestle With lingual pretense in "adept" or imbecile: The impious, who would profane the latria, And seek but to aggrandize sprightly Thalia. Her sister sheds tears from her eyes violascent. Deploring the sacrilege done to the nascent Allegiance to laws that are more than inchoate, Now rent like the victims of Magyar or Croat. Incensed at the pageant that traversed my vision, A mirage of millions all ripe for occision, With mind to extirpate, I rushed on your foemen And spitted each one through his flaccid abdomen; But when there arose from each silent cadaver A gibbering ghost to resume the palaver, Awaking, I knew that my efforts were frustrate And so I am moved certain wrongs to illustrate.

"THE VERSIFIER'S VADE-MECUM:"

[Part X. French Forms. The Rondeau.]

RULE 500. Avoid excessive alliteration [cf. Part VI. § 8.] and mixed metaphor. [Cf. Part VI. § 40.]

Example of error:

In formal garb are geared these subtle songs —
Prim prigs of poesy, tight-triced with thongs
Of law—frail fops of verse—vain voyagers—
(Of rhymes the Incroyables and Precieuses)
That flow from flaccid France in threatening throngs
Until each reckless rhymester limply longs
To taste a tiny tang of what belongs
To British bards, and not to the jongleurs:
Informal garb.

'T is well that naught our agony prolongs
When, from the pointed and prolific prongs
Of poetaster's pens, cramped characters
Have filled the fettering frames in sepulchers
Of Sense, where Poetry proclaims her wrongs
In formal garb.

[Ibid. The Triolet.]

RULE 65. The refrain [cf. Part VIII. 23 6, 7 and 23.] of the triolet should not be a mere poetical vermiform appendix. Example:

"IHE TERRITIES VILLE-REGULT:"

[Fri X. Franch Forms. The Review.]

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[Ibid. The Triefat.]

NUE 65. The relevience will be an analysis of the stricker, it is also be a successful as the substantial section of the successful as the substantial section of the successful as the successf

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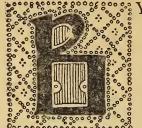
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As our neighbors goes pool in an intenter of his long of errow and remove and remove and remove and remove and remove and remove it. They so has either fill man described descine it has descine it in and in her hand advanced. She for boil and only with he sign in her hand. There is no felt his part of a stage of the remove and shown a she go we are seen. I had not a she and the story as sleep to her near 1 read shown, we at only the part in it, and on a stage of the second of so a stage of the remove and only the remove and only the remove are also as a stage of the remove and only the remove are the remove and only the remove and the remove are the remove and the remove are and the remove are removed and the remove and the remov

ite varanow ar the new addit Viii .or - seit Geri, sheisand ar - se visishy ar av - rock 'ar / / ar : " And i vadetare".

"A SHORT SENTENCE," SAID VIVETTE.; "AND A JUST ONE," SAID I.



Y day I am not inclined to be overmodest, but in my dream I seemed to be endowed with a shyness and sensitiveness, entirely consistent with the adoration I felt for Dianeme. She understood my devotion perfectly, and indeed knew its limits better even

than I, and her attitude was kind and gracious, putting me at ease, without attempting to draw me out.

The garden was filled with guests, and at the long table where I sat beside her, were several whose conversation did not interest me, until I heard his name suddenly spoken. I was furtively watching Dianeme's beautiful face, and at the sound her eyes fell, and did not rise again until the end. I looked up and saw him on the edge of the company,—his hat lifted to now one and now another acquaintance as he approached.

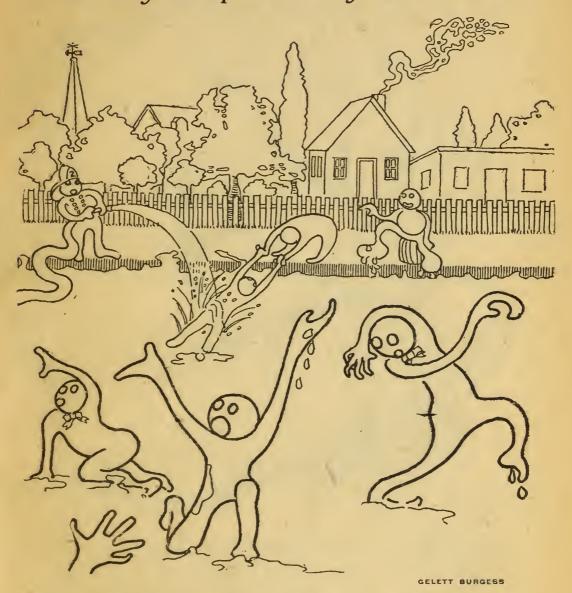
As our neighbors gossiped in undertones of his long absence and recent return, her face flushed and grew set again. They spoke of the jilt that had deceived him and how hard he had taken it. She fretted uneasily with the glass in her hand. Her eyes never left the table, but I knew she felt his presence as he grew nearer. I had never heard the story as they told it, but now I read shame, regret, and yes, love too, in her face as they talked unconsciously of the girl's part in it, and a great desire to help her came to me.

He was now at the next table. With her eyes still fixed, she leaned to me ever so slightly and whispered, "Go home!" And I understood.

I rose as naturally as I might, mumbled a few apologies and withdrew. He had reached our place and was being introduced to the party one by one, and as I reached the house I turned, and saw them meet. At last Dianeme lifted her eyes and greeted him. He seemed to ask a question; then, as I had hoped, he took my vacant chair.

If the Streets were filled with Glue,

What d' you s'pose that you would Do?



If you should go to walk at Night,

In the morning you'd be stuck in Tight!

The discussion of the state of





receipt of files cents, a court for the Cark's that Poster (the Plans that Cark's that Poster (the Plans Frank), in two colors, within ou banged Yourds, six on cath Indies.

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The Lark;

GELETT BURGESS, EDITOR, 508 SUTTER ST., S. F.

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ERNEST PEIXOTTO MORGAN SHEPARD K. PORTER GARNETT REGINALD RIX

With this Dumber ends the First Book of the Eark: Che Price of Single Copies of the Eark will be hereafter Ten Cents: The size will not, and the Quality cannot be improved, but Wings will be added in the form of an extra Cover Theet to contain Advertisements and Announcements by which financial Aid the Eark may fly another year. If these Wings do not prove sufficiently amusing, they may be easily removed from the Body of the Eark.

All business letters and orders should be addressed to Ulm. Doxey, 631 Market Street, and personal communications and manuscripts to Gelett Burgess, 508 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

NUMBER 12

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Entered at the Post Office in San Francisco as second-class matter.

A SONNET TO HARMONY:



LYRE of Life! with melody entwined; In thee alone does Beauty find a tongue: And from her soft, beleaguered heart are wrung

Responsive sighs to worshiping mankind.

Thy tones—of Music's soaring wings the wind—

In matchless chords and cadences are sung
By breeze and brook and Nature's hosts, among
Her varied songs—the landscapes of the blind.

Heart-swelling memories of genius mourned

Still gush with thee from sempiternal springs:

A sweet polyphony of souls wreath-crowned,

That blown, with rhythmic colors rare adorned,

To bless the earth, again to Heaven wings

In wild and dulcet fantasies of sound.

A SONNET TO HARMONY:



LYFE of Life! with melody entwiscis; In thee alone does Feasity find a tongue: And from her soft, beleaguered neart are wrung

Responsive sight to veershiping mankind.
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It is strelling memories of genius mensured
Still fash with the spread substantial springs:

It stated follows as a sense areath enouned.

It is thown, with rhythmic colors rare adorned,

It is the earth, as the earth,

LEXTLOGRAPHICA COMPLETE



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At length Anthea accited her amorous appelants, the adent agonises for her affiance, and they approached to attend her arret.

Archibald, an ascetic alcothyst, atrabilious on account of absurd abstinence and ademption, attempted the auterior appeal, and argued his suit with ambiloquence, assertating his a tute and acroamatic attributes, adhibiting his attempt with adscititious allegories and annominations.

Alexander, the apotheosis of aspiring authorship, arburn and æsthetic, abluded from his aciduious antagonist, and with antalgic amaranthine anacænosis, agnized his acceptability, yet abduced from his argument the adjuvance of such alliance, with asteistic apostrophes announcing the advisibility of his own acceptance, and the abjudication of Archib...d.

The algid Althea at last answered with amaritude:

"Alas! Archibald and Alexander, how can I adjudica e your attractions? But I await your attempts. Propose, there and I will accept him who asks me 'art.'"

A' LEXICOGRAPHER'S ROMANCE:



N autumnal sun, hanging in abditative attitude behind the atramental abysses of the wood, peered through the apertions of the adustive foliage, casting ampliated anfractuous penumbric anamorphoses of the arbuscles in the Park, like anagogical asomatous apparitions.

In the arbor beneath an acacia, in an arm-chair, sat the austere Anthea, analytical, yet, as always, attrehent. Upon her alabaster brow, an anadem of amaryllis, like an ancient abacot, accentuated the attractiveness of her angelic attitude and artless attire. At her side, upon an artificial altar, was an anserated alabastrite, in which was acervated an allectative accumulation of anannas and amygdalate artifections, according to Anthea's assuetude, though her aliguritions had affected her with anorexy too great to appreciate this accubation, and the articles were actually absumed by her attendants, in lieu of ancillary arles.

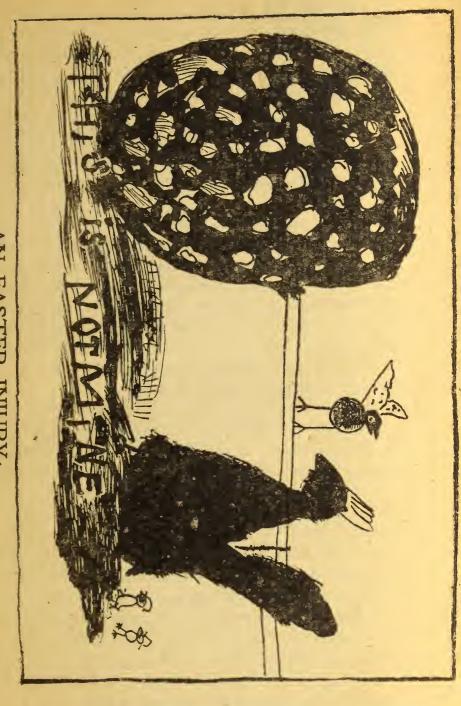
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From a very opaque water-color
By Reginald Rix.

THE FERRY OF LIFE:



LOWLY the steamer started from the protecting arms of the slip, gathered way and shot forth into the restless, heaving waters of the bay. And as the distance increased, the sound of voices, the clangor of bells and the rumbling of trains died

away, and the image of the ferry-house faded into the gloom, till naught remained to remind me of all that life I had left behind, and I passed forward into the cabin of the boat.

Here all was life and excitement; the saloon was brilliantly lighted, and in it were many people, some engaged in conversation or watching the throng, some reading, and some listening to the music, or looking at the paintings upon the panels of the wall. I could not be satisfied, however, to spend all my time on the trip in any of these ways; the atmosphere seemed stifling, the glare of the lights oppressed me, and I passed out into the fresh air and salt fragrance of the night.

Now, at first, it seemed to me that I had left the most interesting part of the boat, after all, for the meaningless darkness outside. I looked back through the windows and saw the gay scene again, a little world in itself, and I was strongly tempted to return. But as my eyes, which had been partially blinded by the many lights inside, became used to the obscurity, I began to see more and more of the beauty of the outer scene. The heavens were filled with stars, and I felt the presence of a wonderful, mysterious universe, grander than any I had ever conceived.

There were a few people upon the deck, seated in silent communion with the night, or talking together in low tones, or pacing slowly up and down in abstracted revery. After I had mingled with these I walked on, calmed and sobered by the blessed peace I had received, and ere long I came upon a stair that lead downward. This I descended, and

FOR VIVETTE, PENSIVE.

found myself among the horses and wagons that were being ferried across the bay Here were also men eating and drinking and jesting, but all about were noisome odors and choking clouds of smoke, and the clanking and rattling of the laboring engines, so that I marveled that one should stay here.

So I went up again, full of pity for those below. Some, however, had already become sickened of the smoke and noise, and passed into the cabin. From here, also, there emerged at times men and women, anxious for a breath of purer air and a glimpse of the starry heavens.

And as I watched the black waters that rushed by me, I seemed to feel indistinct memories come back to of me yet other voyages like this, that I had heretoforetimes made, sometimes in company of the careless passengers on the lower deck, and sometimes in the warmth of the cabin; but of a certain I had never before realized the beauty and the meaning of the passage as in this wonderful evening.

Then I went forward, longing for a glimpse of the city we were approaching. Nearer and nearer we drew to the hundreds of twinkling lights upon the hills, each moment revealing new glimpses of the life beyond. At intervals there passed silently by us low sailing vessels, beating patiently in against the wind and tide, like dumb animals toiling in the yoke. These would steal out of the gloom, their sails flapping and cordage creaking, cross our path and vanish, leaving but the light of the lantern at the masthead and the thought that not so very long ago we, too, must have had to journey in such imperfect fashion.

So at last, amid the sounding of bells and the tremor of the reversed engines, we slid slowly into the slip. Many hurried forward, eager to disembark, but others there were who lingered in the cabin, as loth to quit its comfort. To such the men of the boat appeared and urged them that they should land forthwith. This at length they did, and I with them. And as I crossed to the shore, behold, what I had thought the end of the journey was but the beginning of another, stranger than before!

"'TW'AS EVER A MAN AND A MAID."



WAS ever a man and a maid, my son,—
'I was ever a man and a maid;
And 't will be that way till the Judgment
Day,
And after it, too, I'm afraid!

'T was ever a man and a maid, my son,
Of a Sunday afternoon,
With a stroll in the Park, and a kiss in the dark
Of a sultry summer moon.

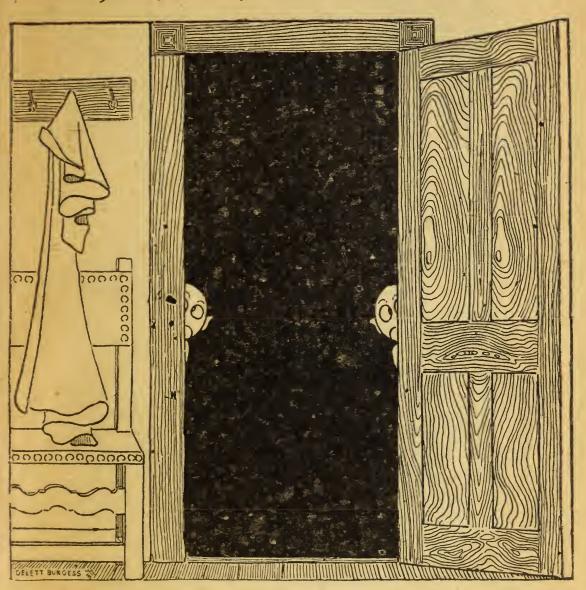
'T was ever a man and a maid, my son,
As you watch the crowds go by;
Of the folk that pass, there's a youth and a lass
Wherever you pipe your eye.

'T was ever a man and a maid, my son,
All over the world it goes,
And the man from Mars may shy at the cars,
But here is a game he knows.

'T was ever a man and a maid, my son;—
There is Work, and there's maids to woo—
And they're quite two things, as I know who sings,
And they've bowled down better than you!

'T was ever a man and a maid, my son.—
Watch out, or she'll let you shirk!
For a man can't write in the candle-light
If her eyes get into his work!

The Towel bangs upon the Wall, And, somehow, I don't care at all!



The Door is open;—I must say I rather fancy it that Way!

IN PARENTHESIS:



E were galloping bareback down the ridge as the low sun colored the trees and fields with misty purple, she on Bay Boy and I on the black mare. Her loosened hair waved out behind, shining in the light. She rode like an Amazon,

as beautiful as she was cruel. "Love you?" she laughed. "Why I'm in love with Bay Boy!" and she threw herself forward upon his neck, twining her fingers in his long mane.

Down into the darkening hollow we went, under the trees, and I saw too late a low, bending bough.

A smell of hay, of wet oats and stable; and my hoofs scuffed in the straw of the night's bedding. I felt the narnow limits of the stall, and a rope halter through a hole in the hay-bin bound my head. I was cold, and shivered as I listened in a daze to the hiss and humming of the man as he curried me down, beating the comb against the side of the stall. Anger rose in me when he whacked me in the side, with a "Get o'er there, boy!" I lashed out, drove him from the stall, and for a moment could have killed him.

I strained at the halter and kicked wildly against the stall sides, frightening the black mare to the left of me. Then conscious of such impotence, I set myself to wear through the rope by gnawing and chafing, and at last breaking the buckle at the side of my head, I shook myself loose with a cry a delight. The west wind blew through the barn window harshly upon my naked sides, and I hoped I should not see her. I lifted the rusty iron latch and walked out into the world.

Sunshine, green grass, a cool Spring breeze, apple blossoms between the garden paths, all smooth and straight, and a gravel drive winding out to the main road. A delicious madness got into rae, and I breathed deep of the fresh air,

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

and snorted and sneezed. Drunk with freedom, my heels lashed out and my tail whirled and whisked; I squealed, and beat the yielding sod; I sprang to right and left and stopped short, my head thrown high and my mane a tangle of shiny black. Then I stopped, standing with fore-legs parted; for I saw them coming, and she was with them. I turned my arched tail upon them, and with a high-headed trot, (kicking every fifty paces or so,) shied at every twig, leaf, and shadow; then broke into a mad run until the wind licked my sides. I clattered over the cedar bridge, but stopped there, and turned back to hear my hoofs rattle again upon the loose boards, and to smell the fresh mint that grew between the stones. Then out to the main street, wild with speed; a green and brown blur rushed by me, and I heard through the pounding of my hoofs, many a "Whoa! Whoa!"

There was a meadow green and wet, and a brook, with a hillside beyond, where a little child was playing among the flowers, and she laughed to see the mud clouds rise and float away as I nozzled the water. I went up to her, and she clasped her dirty arms around my wet fore-legs until her screaming mother hurried her away.

At last my fiery freedom grew tiresome, and I wandered home. I had a feeling of shame; but she and they were blind, and only I knew. I went to my stall, and after I was rubbed down and cared for (but I would not bear the halter), she came to me, and I made broad room for her. She stroked my neck and nose and laid her cheek near my eyes and murmured things even I could not understand; her fingers passed along my neck and through my mane, and I trembled with a great joy. I was sick at heart when she left me telling me to stay, and I whinnied pitifully, burning to speak.

From this day I was free; for I was little use to my owner, revolting at bridle and harness, and obeying only

THE METAMORPHOSIS

her. I would not be a horse with other horses, the bitterness towards my kind growing day by day. I would have told them of their great strength and how to use it against man; but they could not learn and would not understand. I went to and fro as I willed, and I followed her as a dog might; a cat's tread was no lighter than mine, as I passed in and out between things that break and doing no harm.

Willful and fond, she conquered and governed me with caresses and secret confidences on our wild rides together over the hills. She was usually gentle and kind, but often she exacted hard and strange things of me, because of the mischief in her; when I was lying down she would tell me to get up, hind parts first-like a cow, -or she would find a great delight in making me roll over, up hill. She rode me bareback and astride, with strands of my mane for bridle reins. Never horse had such a smooth gait as I made for her. I touched the earth so as never once to jar her. I picked out the places I knew she loved best, a green hill-top, where the tree boughs were high from the ground, and the long, straight lane, where I would lower my neck and fly away, to feel her knees press tight against my sides, watching from the tail of my eye her tumbled hair and clutching fingers in my mane.

Sometimes I would stop short in my canter, throwing her gently off, when she would beat my face in anger with her closed fists, to my great delight, for I loved the greater weight of her hands. Then came remorse, and tenderness, as she drew my head close to her heart, running her fingers through my forelock and mane, close the top of the neck, where the flesh is warm.

* * * * * * *

After that were days of fear, passion, and sorrow. "Exhibit him, he is a mint to you," I heard them say. I fled, and loved through the bog marshes and alder bushes; I tore in rage at the branches which scratched my

OF BAY BOY THE SECOND.

sides. A smarting sting was in my eyes for tears that could not flow. At last, needing the care of man again, a returned, and felt her hand, love burning in me, pride and rebellion bursting my heart.

* * * * * * * *

A circus ring, dusty, brown, and hot; a sky of heaving yellow canvas; a hum of many voices, and a vile smell. O, the green trees, the long lane, and the west wind! I stood trembling, with my head thrust far out and low, trying to understand it ali. I heard, as though a dry oak board had broken, the crack of the whip; I saw the ringmaster—a fearsome man in black. A wild rush about the ring in search of an opening; then I stopped, for I loved a woman, and women were there. Love, gentleness, and appeal, they should have seen. I smiled, and my eyes were soft, looking for a friend. To and fro I went, but saw no kindly hand. I backed and bowed and strained my throat to speak, and the crowd cheered. With my left fore-foot I scraped rude, angular letters in the dirt-a word that they must know. Then I felt a sharp sting upon my side, and my wrath blazed up. A crash — dust — screams, breaking timbers - a black form upon the ground, and a pistol shot!

* * * * * * * * * *

A blinding spot of glimmering sun burned through the fringe of trees upon the ridge. She kneeled by me, her body bent over, and her face pale with concern for me, her eyes alight and tender. She pushed the forelock from my face, to find my hurt. I felt her fingers tremble as she passed them through my hair. The thrill passed to me and roused me. O, the leap over the gate in the field and her hands in my mane!

Then she slipped her arms about my neck, drawing my throbbing head close to her.

06 B.H 301 THE SECOND.

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AN EPILOGUE TO BOOK THE FIRST:



N these pamphleteering days it is hard to get a word in edgewise, if it be not sharp, tempered, and to the point. The Lark is not overfond of personalities, as may have been noticed; yet, at the end of its first flight, it shall, perhaps, be

forgiven a few words to those friends in whose hearts its song (breathed so carelessly into the air) has found a restigg-place.

The readers of the Lark may be divided into three eases they who appreciate and enjoy, they who are willected in their contempt, and a few honest souls, persent friends of Les Jethers for the most part, who patiently conscientionally do their duty by his pages, and would williarly understand. If they could. Surely to this latter has the Lark should, in decency, at times condescend.

Let offer some club by which its rong might be translated, city of at the others may be safely left to put their own roretation on its beliavior.

Espenson was fond of saying that the reputation of a consort was oftenest made at dinner parties. If this be so and the mords of the Tush in were winged words,) thow and the mast the Latinhard been a guest! Now, at a dinner party, one may have the philosopher and the scinist, the post and the pedegogue, if so be that the said a certain undefinable quality that the sume and seek around a certain undefinable quality that the sume and cour dinners friends are there found in a cestable! Tale our dinners friends are there found in a cestable! Tale our dinners, and writer they may be, but without, done or things, that prevents one in the continuous of things, that prevents one in the continuous of the continuou

AN EPILOGUE TO BOOK THE FIRST:



N these pamphleteering days it is hard to get a word in edgewise, if it be not sharp, tempered, and to the point. The Lark is not overfond of personalities, as may have been noticed; yet, at the end of its first flight, it shall, perhaps, be

forgiven a few words to those friends in whose hearts its song (breathed so carelessly into the air) has found a resting-place.

The readers of the Lark may be divided into three classes: they who appreciate and enjoy, they who are unaffected in their contempt, and a few honest souls, personal friends of Les Jeunes for the most part, who patiently and conscientiously do their duty by its pages, and would willingly understand, if they could. Surely to this latter class the Lark should, in decency, at times condescend, and offer some clue by which its song might be translated, seeing that the others may be safely left to put their own interpretation on its behavior.

Stevenson was fond of saying that the reputation of a book was oftenest made at dinner parties. If this be so, (and the words of the Tusitala were winged words,) at how many such must the Lark have been a guest! Now, at a dinner party, one may have the philosopher and the specialist, the poet and the pedagogue, if so be that they have a certain undefinable quality that the successful hostess knows by divine intuition. And alas, how many of our dearest friends are there found impossible! Talented, wise, and witty they may be, but without, if one must say it, a sense of humor,—the appreciation of the relative importance of things, that prevents one's taking oneself too seriously (though not necessarily, one's work too lightly), not poisoning the milk of human kindness, but rather sweetening it, and making happiness possible

TO THE GENTLE LARKEOLOGIST.

that would otherwise be lost in the great complication of our daily life.

It is essentially a habit of mind, a point of view, however, this sense of humor, and must not be confounded with the disagreeable attributes of the wag. For to the initiate, his own inconsistencies and indiscretions are no less diverting than those of his associates, and should frequently give rise to emotions that impel him to hurry into a corner and scream aloud with mirth. It is ever the situation that is absurd, and never the victim, and in this lies the secret of his ability to appreciate a comedy of which he himself is the hero.

This faculty, then, gives one the grand hailing signal of a fraternity, by which one may know his brethren the world over. An Order, of whose very existence many shall never be aware, till in some after-life the gods conduct them to the verge of the heavens and bid them peer over and behold the spectacle of this little planet swarming with its myopic denizens.

And it is all this, perhaps, that impelled the *Chap-Book*, (prolific mother of our modern Kobold Literature,) to kindly say, that "The Lark is 'intimate' in its charm," and "its friends will be appreciative, but there will not be many of them."

There have not been many, it is true; yet it is well with the other brownies if they also have been "intimate" and have found such true friends as those who have been wont to test the capacity of their acquaintances by their degree of appreciation of the Lark; a subtle crux, indeed, for delicate and interesting is the difference betwixt those who would rather be, and those that would rather see, a Purple Cow.

And, finally, as one would not willingly have personalities and scandals discussed at the table, yet fears neither to be too serious nor too inconsequent, so there are those who prefer humor to satire, and relish both *finesse* and naiveté

TO THE GENTLE LURKEOLOGIST.

that would otherwise be lost in the great complication of our daily life.

It is essentially a habit of mind, a point of view, however, this sense of humor, and must not be confounded with the list, free able attributes of the wag. For to the initiate, is on inconsistencies and indiscretions are no less civer my than those of his associates, and hould frequently give rise to emotions that impel him to hurry into a correct a discretinal and with mirth. It is ever the secret of his about o appreciate a comedy of which is the secret of his ability to appreciate a comedy of which is the form.

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Law bearing a reduction of the Figure bearing a reduction of the Figure Faun printed in two colors, and bound in prown canvas. Price, 50 cms.

The Purple Cow: A collection of wearries from the Lark by GELETT BUK Weincluding the impossible Idyll of the Chewing-Gum Man. Price, 25 cents.

Advertisements will be especially written and illustrated for the Second Book of the Lark. Address for prices and further information,

WILLIAM DONEY

631 MARKET SLIEFE, SAN FRANCISCO

Back Numbers of the Lark may be had at the following prices:

The 12 Numbers comprising the First Book of the Lark will be sent for \$2.00 postpaid. A limited number of bound volumes for sale at special rates.

The Lark Posters:

For May. The Piping Faun . . . 50 cents.
For August. Mother and Child . . . 50 cents.
For November. Mount Tamalpais . . . 25 cents.
For February Robin Hood 25 cents.
The Set of Four mailed for \$1.25.

A Cover for the First Book of the Lark bearing a reduction of the Piping Faun printed in two colors, and bound in brown canvas. Price, 50 cents.

The Purple Cow: A collection of vagaries from the Lark by Gelett Burgess, including the impossible Idyll of the Chewing-Gum Man. Price, 25 cents.

Advertisements will be especially written and illustrated for the Second Book of the Lark. Address for prices and further information,

WILLIAM DOXEY,

631 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

'Who 'll be the Clerk?"

"I!" said

THE LARK:

An Illustrated
Monthly Magazinelet, issued
by Les Jeunes,
in San Francisco



Gonducted by Gelett Burgess, Selett Burgess, William Doxey, 631 Market St.

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NEW note—some of the joy of the morning—set here for the refreshment of our souls in the heat of mid-day.

With no more serious intention than to be gay—to sing a song, to tell a story;—and when this is no longer to our liking,—when the spring

calls, or the road invites,—then this little house of pleasure will close its doors; and if you have cared for our singing, and would have more of it, then you must follow us a-field.

For, after all, there's your place and ours—there you may hear the birds calling, and see trees blowing, and know the great content of the earth. Meantime, shut in the town, we shall blow our nickel pipe, to make you believe it is a reed, and that you dance, garlanded, to its piping.

Prologue to the First Book of "The Lark."

BOOK THE SECOND COMMENCES MAY 1, 1896.



PRING and the daffodil again!

I heard the lark at dawn,

A liquid cadence through the rain Across my lawn.



- BOSTON JOURNAL.—"A queer species of bird apparently meant to be taken seriously though as odd as any ornithological specimen in the museum."
- BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.—"And The Lark! You will wonder how you lived without it. It's the most excellent fooling for many years. And it's better than fooling, as all truly excellent fooling must be."
- BOSTON HERALD.—"The pictures and rhymes in The Lark rank with the most remarkable things done for children since the days of Mother Goose."
- BOSTON BUDGE7.—"The Lark is a reaction against the decadent spirit. It is blithe, happy, full of the joy of life and the Greek within us. A herald of the dawn of the new century."
- BOSTON COMMONWEALTH.—"Everything in The Lark is clever—some, we may be permitted to add, cleverer than the rest."
- NEW YORK CRITIC.—"The faddists have produced some extraordinary things in the way of literature, but nothing more freakish has made its appearance in the last half century than The Lark."
- NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—"It is perhaps one-fourth a monthly periodical and three-fourths an escapade. The Lark ought really to be called 'The Goose."
- NEW YORK TIMES.—"It is a thin, small creature, but incredibly, even impossibly, 1895. And as for contents, it is all written by 'les jeunes,' those of California, forsooth, and delightfully young they are."
- NEW YORK HERALD.—"The current number of The Lark is, if possible, more curious, more quaint, more preposterously humorous and more original than its predecessors. It is entirely unlike any other publication."
- HARTFORD COURANT.—"A certain suggestiveness is found in the spirit of this little sheet."
- JERSEY CITY CHRONICLE.—"Every line in it is well worth perusal."
- PHILADELPHIA TIMES.—"The young men who publish The Lark have ideas of their own. The Lark is smart and funny in a way quite its own, and it is also capable of serious flights and of musical notes that are clear enough to be heard across the continent."

TEN CENTS A COPY, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.



OD, keep my youth and love alive, that I
May wonder at this world until I die;
Let sea and mountain speak to me, that so,
Waking or sleeping, I may fight the lie;
Romance is dead, say some,—but I say no!



- PHILADELPHIA LEDGER.—"It is a publication of the 'Yellow Book,' 'Chap Book' sort, produced by a coterie of 'literary fellars' in San Francisco, and really has not much to be said in its favor."
- PHILADELPHIA AMERICAN.—"The literary oddities and whimsicalities of The Lark will find lots of friends for it everywhere."
- WASHINGTON CAPITAL.—"One is more terrified and more astounded by The Lark than by any of the other recent peculiar small magazines. In both type and illustration there is much that people have dreamed before, but surely never attempted to express."
- RICHMOND 7 IMES.—"We do not understand upon what the editor of The Lark bases anticipation of interest and consequent demand."
- BUFFALO COURIER.—"Nonsense, pure and simple, seems to be its watchword, but in its chaff are hidden a good many grains of wheat."
- cincinnati commercial gazette.—"The worst thing about it being that it is all too brief. The unknown genius who is contributing the deliriously humorous pictures and verses has developed a new vein."
- CLEVELAND CRITIC.—"The Lark flies high and it is light-hearted.

 Let us hope its owner will not clip its wings."
- MILWAUKEE; YENOWINE'S NEWS.—"A whimsical but ingenuous little magazine—the strangest pronouncement, yet of the fin-de-siecle spirit of artistic revolt against the commonplace. There is nothing quite like it."
- CHICAGO JOURNAL.—"The painful attempt to do something new in literature has reached San Francisco and blossomed out in a miniature magazine and called *The Lark*. We are becoming weary of that sort of thing in Chicago."
- CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD.—"The Lark's warblings have run like wildfire over the country and are household rhymes now."
- THE CHAP BOOK; CHICAGO.—"It is an assertion of the right of the artist to be wayward, to indulge in innocent drollery, and to put some of his tenderest thoughts in this guise if he will. The Lark is 'intimate' in its charm. Its friends will be appreciative, but there will not be many of them. We must thank the editors for a magazine which can never be 'popular.'"



I'd rather have Fingers than Toes;
I'd rather have Ears than a Nose;
And as for my Hair, I'm glad it's all There,
I'll be awfully Sad when It Goes!

ST. PAUL PIONEER PRESS.—"The most refreshing novelty in the way of magazine captice—its originality and flippancy are genuine and

not trumped up for the occasion.

ST. PAUL GLOBE.—"The Lark partakes of the prevalent temper of life on the Pacific Coast, where the don't-care mood of the West takes an especially sunny and cheerful turn, and life looks a bigger joke than elsewhere in the union."

ST. LOUIS MIRROR.—"The Lark continues to be odd and ridiculous.

The Lark's humor is quite unlike any other humor that has been seen in this country. There are good men with good pens working on The Lark."

KANSAS CITY STAR.—"The Lark seems to have attained a distinction hitherto considered impossible in the unconventional. It seems really original. It succeeds in holding in captivity the unexpected."

DENVER BOOK LEAF.—"The Lark continues to interest and amuse. It is original above all else."

LOS ANGELES; THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.—"It is unlike anything nearer to hand than Alice in Wonderland."

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER.—"This bit of a journal will toss about the studios and clubs for a little time—the fleeting fancy of the few. It is a merry bird."

SAN FRANCISCO CALL.—"The Lark stands for the spirit of mirth-making and joy. An exponent of free and wide-swinging Bohemianism."

SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN.—"The same mass of ingenuous and amusing nonsense it has always been. That is all there is to it."

SAN FRANCISCO WAVE.—"It is really one of the funniest publications in America—full of a gay sportiveness that appeals irresistibly to the funsense."

SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT.—"A mosaic of whimsical fragments, with grave and gay in daring juxtaposition. The verses are extraordinary productions, taking rank somewhere between Edwin Lear's 'Nonsense Rhymes' and Lewis Carroll's jingles."

